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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

"OH, YET WE TRUST."

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Oh, yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill;
To pains of nature, sins of will;
Defects of doubt and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with sinless feet;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold! we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—for off—at last, to all—
And every Winter change to Spring.

So runs my dream: but what am I?
An infant crying in the night—
An infant crying for the light—
And with no language but a cry.

QUIRE TREVLYN'S HEIR.

By THE AUTHOR OF "VERNER'S PRIDE,"
"EAST LYNN," "THE CHANNINGS," ETC.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the
year 1863, by Deacon & Peterson, in the
Clerk's Office of the District Court for the
Eastern District of Pennsylvania.)

CHAPTER XL.

AN ILL-OMEN CHASTISEMENT.

It was growing dusk when Rupert stood in the rick-yard, talking to Jim Sanders. Mr. Jim had stolen up to the Hold on a little private matter of his own, but never mind that now. Rupert had just been paying a visit to his pony in the stable, to see that it was alive after the exercise the young ladies had given it; not a little by all accounts; Amelia said to Rupert that they had pretty nearly "rode its tail off." The nearest way from the stables to the front of the house was through the rick-yard, and Rupert was returning from his visit of inspection when he came upon Jim Sanders, leaning his back against a hay-rick. In his arms was a little brown puppy, very, very young, as might be known by the faint squeaks it made.

"Holloa, Jim! Is that you?" exclaimed Rupert, having some trouble to discern who it was in the fading light. "What have you got speaking there?"

Jim displayed the little animal.

"He's only a few days old, sir," said he, "but he's a fine fellow. Just look at his ears!"

"How am I to look?" rejoined Rupert. It's nearly pitch dark."

"Stop a bit," said Jim. He produced a sort of torch from underneath his smock frock, and by some contrivance set it alight. The wood blazed away, sending up its flame in the yard, but they advanced into the wide open space, away from the ricks and from danger. These torches, cut from a peculiar wood, were common enough in the neighborhood, and were found very useful on a dark night by those who had to go about any job of out-door work. They gave the light of ten candles, and were not liable to be extinguished with every breath of wind. Dangerous things for a rick-yard, you will say, but they had moved away from it to the raised-off space.



THROWING UP EARTHWORKS FOR THE DEFENCE OF HARRISBURG, PA.—FROM THE N. Y. ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

The puppy lay in Rupert's arms now, and he took the torch in his hand, while he examined it. But not a minute had they thus stood, when some one came upon them with hasty steps. It was Mr. Chittaway. He had no doubt just returned from Blackstone, and was going in doors after leaving his horse in the stable. Jim Sanders disappeared, but Rupert stood his ground, the lit torch still in his one hand, the puppy lying in the other.

"What are you doing here?" angrily demanded Mr. Chittaway.

"Not much," said Rupert. "I was only looking at this little puppy," showing it to Mr. Chittaway.

The puppy did not concern Mr. Chittaway. It could not work him treason, and Rupert was at liberty to look at it if he chose; but Mr. Chittaway would not let the opportunity slip of questioning him on another matter. It was the first time they had met, remember, since that little episode which had so disturbed Mr. Chittaway in the morning—the finding of Rupert's boots.

"Pray where did you spend last evening?" he began.

"At the parsonage," freely answered Rupert; and Mr. Chittaway detected, or fancied he detected, a tone of defiant independence in the tone, which alone, to his ears, must speak of treason. "It was the last evening of Mr. Daw's stay there, and he asked me to spend it with him."

Mr. Chittaway saw no way of entering an opposition to this; he could not abuse him for taking tea at the parsonage; he could not well forbid it to him.

"What time did you come home?" he continued.

"It was eleven o'clock," avowed Rupert. "I went with Mr. Daw to the station to see him off, and the train was hours behind its time. I thought it was coming up every minute, or I'd not have stayed."

Mr. Chittaway had known as much before.

"How did you get it?" he asked.

Rupert hesitated for a moment before speaking.

"I was let in."

"I conclude you were. By whom?"

"I'd rather not tell, if you please."

"But I choose that you shall tell."

"No," said Rupert. "I can't tell that, Mr. Chittaway."

"But I insist on your telling," thundered Mr. Chittaway. "I order you to tell."

He lifted his riding-whip, which was in his hand, menacingly as he spoke; but Rupert stood his ground fearlessly, the expression of his face showing out calm and firm, as the torchlight fell upon it.

"Do you defy me, Rupert Trevlyn?"

"I don't wish to defy you, sir, but it is quite impossible that I can tell you who it was that let me in last night. It would not be fair, or honorable."

His refusal may have looked like defiance to Mr. Chittaway, but in point of fact it was dictated by a far different feeling—regard for his kind Aunt Edith. Had any one else in the Hold admitted him, he might have confessed to it, under Mr. Chittaway's stern command; but he would have died, rather than bring her whom he so loved into trouble with her husband.

"Once more, sir, I ask you—will you tell me?"

"No, I will not," answered Rupert, with that quiet determination which imparts its own firmness worse than any bravado. Better for him that he had told! better even for Mrs. Chittaway.

Mr. Chittaway caught Rupert by the shoulder, lifted his whip, and struck him—not once, but several times. The last stroke caught him in the face and raised a thick weal across it; and then Mr. Chittaway, his work done, walked quickly away towards his house, never speaking, the whip resting quietly in his hand.

Alas, for the Trevlyn temper! Maddened by the outrage, smarting under the pain, the unhappy Rupert lost all self-command.

Passion had never overcome him as it overcame him now. He knew not what he did; he was at once insane; in fact, he was insane for the time being—irresponsible (may it not so be said?) for his actions. With a yell of rage he picked up the torch, then blazing on the ground, dashed into the rick-yard like one possessed, and thrust the torch into the nearest rick. Then, leaping over the opposite paling of the yard, he tore away across the fields.

Jim Sanders had been a witness to this; and to describe Jim's consternation would be beyond any pen. He had stood in the obscurity, out of reach of Mr. Chittaway's eyes, and had heard and seen all. Snatching the torch out of the rick—for the force with which Rupert had driven it in kept it there—Jim pulled out with his hands the few bits of hay already ignited, stamped on them, and believed the danger to be over. Next, he began to look for his puppy.

"Mr. Rupert can't have took it off with him," soliloquized he, pacing the rick-yard dubiously with his torch, his eyes and ears alike on the alert. "He couldn't jump over them paling with that there puppy in his arms. It's a wonder that a delicate one like him could jump 'em at all, and come over 'em clean."

Mr. Jim Sanders was right; it was a wonder, indeed, as he spoke; but Rupert had known how strong madmen are, and I have told you that Rupert was one.

"Jim's search was interrupted by fresh footsteps, and Bridget, the maid you saw in the morning talking to Mr. Chittaway, accosted him. She was a cousin of Jim's, three or four years older than himself; but Jim was uncommonly fond of her, in a ran-

tic fashion, dressing the difference of age nothing, and was always finding his way to the Hold with some mark of good will.

"Now, then! what do you want to-night?" cried she, for it was the pleasure of her life to snub him and domineer over him. "Hatch comes in just now, and says, says he, 'Jim Sanders is in the rick-yard a-waiting for you.' I'll make you know better, young Jim, than to send me in them messages before a kitchen-full."

"I've brought you a little present, Bridget," answered Jim, deprecatingly. "It's the beautifulst puppy you ever see—if you'll only accept of him; as black and shiny as a lump of coal. Leastways, I had brought him," he added, in a rueful accent. "But he's gone, and I can't find him."

Bridget had a weakness for puppies—as was known to Jim; consequently, the concluding part of his information was not palatable to her. She attacked him in regard to it.

"You have brought me the beautifulst puppy I ever see—and you have lost him and can't find him! What d'ye mean by that, young Jim? Can't you speak sense, as a body may understand?"

Jim supposed he had worded his communication imperfectly. "There been a row here," he exclaimed, "and it frightened me so much that I dun know what I be saying. The master, he took his riding-whip to Mr. Rupert, and horsewhipped him."

"The master!" uttered the girl. "What! Mr. Chittaway?"

"He come through the yard when I was with Mr. Rupert—a-swinging him the paddle, and they had some words, and the master horsewhipped him. I stood round the corner of the pales, frightened to death a'most for fear Chittaway should see me. And Mr. Rupert, he must have dropped the puppy some where, but I can't find him."

"Where is he? How did it end?"

"He dashed into the yard and across them paling, and he leaped 'em clean," responded Jim. "And he'd not have cleared 'em, Bridget, if he'd had the puppy in his arms, so I know it must be about somewhere. And he's most set that there rick a fire first, the boy addled, lowering his voice to a whisper, and pointing in the direction of the particular rick, from which they had strayed some distance in Jim's search. "I pretty nigh dropped when I saw it catch slight."

Bridget felt awed, startled, but yet uncertain.

"How could he set a rick a-fire, stupid?" she cried.

"With the torch. I had lighted it to show him the puppy, and he had got it in his hand; he had it in his hand when Chittaway began to horsewhip him, but he dropped it then; and when Chittaway went away,

Mr. Rupert picked it up and pushed it into the rick."

"I don't like to hear this," said the girl with a shiver. "Suppose the rick-yard had been set a-fire! Which rick was it? It mayn't."

"Just hush a minute, Bridget!" suddenly interrupted Jim. "There he is!"

"There's who?" asked she, peering around her in the growing darkness of the night. "Not master!"

"Law, Bridget! I meant the puppy. Can't you hear him? Them squeaks is him."

Guided towards the sound, Jim at length found the poor little animal. It was lying close to the spot where Rupert had leaped the paling. The boy took it up, fondling it almost as a mother would have done.

"See his pretty glossy skin, Bridget! Just feel how sleek it is! He'll lap milk out of a saucer now; I tried him afore I brought him out; and if you—"

A scream from Bridget intervened.—Jim seemed to come in for nothing but shocks to his nerves this evening, and he almost dropped the puppy again. For it was a loud, shrill, prolonged scream, one carrying a strange amount of terror to the ear, as it went booming forth in the still night air.

Meanwhile Mr. Chittaway had entered his house. Some of the children who were in the drawing-room heard him come in, and went forth to the hall to welcome him after his long day's absence. But they were startled by the pallor of his countenance; it looked perfectly livid as the light of the hall lamp fell upon it. Mr. Chittaway could not inflict such a chastisement on Rupert without its emotional effects telling temporarily upon himself. He took off his hat and laid his whip upon the table.

"We thought you would be home before this, papa."

"Where's your mamma?" he rejoined, paying no heed to their remark.

"She is up-stairs in her sitting room."

Mr. Chittaway turned to the staircase and ascended. Mrs. Chittaway was not in her room; but the sound of voices in Miss Diana's guided him to where she should find her. This sitting room, devoted exclusively to Miss Diana Trevlyn, was on the side of the house next the rick-yard and farm buildings, which is overlooked.

The apartment was almost in darkness; the fire in the grate had gone dim, and neither lamp nor candles had been lighted.—Mrs. Chittaway and Miss Diana sat there conversing together.

"Who is this?" cried the former, looking round. "Oh, is it you, James? I did not know you were home. What a nice day you have had for Whitterby!"

"Did you buy the stock you thought of buying?" asked Miss Diana.

CHAPTER XL.

THE ASCENDING BLAZE.

There is a terror which, coming on suddenly, shakes the equanimity of the mind to its very foundation—and that terror fell upon Trevlyn Hold. At the dusk hour of night—for it was not yet quite dark—its inmates were sitting mostly in idleness; the young ladies lingering desolately over the fire in the drawing-room, when those awful sounds of fear, bringing faintness to the very heart, interrupted them—the cry of their father in the room above; the echoing cry, shrill and prolonged, from some spot outside the house. With a simultaneous movement all flew to the open space of the hall only to see Mr. Chittaway leap down the stairs, his wife and Miss Diana following him.

"Oh, papa! what is it? What is the matter?"

"The rick-yard is on fire!"

They ran out to the rick-yard, a bounded enclosure—Miss Diana, Chattaway, a boy and girl, and old Hatchet, and her host of maid-servants only added to the confusion of the scene. One voice was heard in its distinctness above all the rest—that of Miss Diana Trevlyn.

"Who has done this? It must have been purposely set on fire."

She turned sharply on the group of servants as she spoke as if suspecting one of them. The Miss Bell on their alarmed faces, and they receded visibly; not from any sense of guilt, but from the general sense of fear which lay upon all. One of the girls spoke impulsively.

"I heard voices not a minute ago in the rick-yard," he cried. "I'll swear I heard 'em. I was passing across the top there to fetch a bucket of water from the pump for the stable, and I heard 'em talking. One was a woman's. I see a light, too."

The women-servants were huddling together, staring helplessly at the blazes. Miss Diana directed her attention particularly to them; she had a ready perception, a keen sight; and she detected signs of terror so unmistakable in the face of one, that she could not help drawing a rapid conclusion. It was not the expression of general alarm, of surprise, or doubt depicted on the countenance of the rest; but an apprehensive, livid, conscious terror; and the girl was evidently endeavoring to draw behind, out of the sight of Miss Diana.

Miss Diana laid her hand upon her. It was Bridget, the kitchen maid.

"You know something of this?"

Bridget burst into tears. A more complete picture of helpless fear than she presented at that moment could not well be drawn. Her face was white, her teeth chattered, her whole frame shivered from head to foot. In her apron, held up as it seemed unconscious-like, was something hidden.

"What have you got there?" sharply continued Miss Diana, whose thoughts may have flown to tow and matches, and other incendiary adjuncts.

Bridget, unable to speak for sobs, turned down the apron and disclosed a little black puppy: which, as if it was liking to be displayed to general gaze, began to squeak. There was nothing very guilty in him; but Bridget's soul redoubled.

"Were you in the rick-yard?" questioned Miss Diana: "was it your voice that Sam heard?" And Bridget was too terribly frightened to deny it.

"Then pray, what were you doing? What brought you in the rick-yard at all?"

But Mrs. Chattaway, timid Mrs. Chattaway, who was trembling almost as much as Bridget, but who had compassion for everybody in distress, spoke up to the rescue.

"Don't, Diana," she said. "I am sure Bridget is too good and honest a girl to have taken part in a dreadful thing such as this. The rick may have got heated and taken fire spontaneously."

"No, madam, I'd die before I'd do such a thing," sobbed Bridget, in answer to the kindness. "If I was in the rick-yard, I wasn't doing no harm—and I'm sure I'd rather have went a hundred miles the other way if I'd thought what was going to happen. I turned as sick as a dog with fright when I saw the flame burst out."

"Was it you who screamed?" inquired Miss Diana.

"I did scream, ma'am. I couldn't help it."

"Diana," whispered Mrs. Chattaway, "you may see she's innocent."

"Yes, most likely; but there's something behind for all that," replied Miss Diana, aloud, in her decisive tone. "Bridget, I mean to come to the bottom of this business, and the sooner you explain it, the less trouble you'll be at. I ask what took you to the rick-yard?"

"It wasn't no harm, ma'am, as Madam says," sobbed Bridget, evidently very unwilling to enter on the explanation. "Oh, ma'am! I never did no harm in going there, nor thought none."

"Then it is the more easily told," responded Miss Diana. "Do you hear me, girl? What business took you to the rick-yard, and who were you talking with?"

There appeared to be no help for it; Bridget had felt there would not be from the first; she should have to confess to her rustic admirer's stolen visit. And Bridget, while liking him in her heart, was intensely ashamed of him, from his being so much younger than herself.

"Ma'am, I only came into it for a minute, to speak to a young boy, my cousin, Jim Sanders. Hatchet, he came into the kitchen and said young Jim wanted to see me, and I came out. That's all—if it was the last word I had to speak," she added, with a burst of grief.

"And Jim Sanders? What did he want with you?" pursued Miss Diana, with uncompromising sternness.

"It was to show me this little puppy," retorted Bridget, not choosing to confess that the small animal was brought as a present. "Jim seemed proud of it, he did, ma'am, and he brought it up for me to see."

A very innocent confession; plausible, also; and Miss Diana saw no cause to disbelieve it. But she was one who liked to know the true side, and when corroborative testimony was to be had to a fact, she did not allow it to escape her. "One of you had Hatchet," she said, addressing the maid.

Hatch was found with the men-servants and horses, who were dragging out, one after another, in their eager endeavor to carry water to the rick, under the smoke and pent-up dismals of their master. Hatch's smooth-frock was already wringing wet, through the upsetting over him of a bucket, while he was stooping for something at the pump. He came up to Miss Diana, squeezing it out of his hair.

"Did you go into the kitchen and tell Bridget that Jim Sanders wanted her in the rick-yard?" she questioned.

I think it has been mentioned once before that this man, Hatch, was too honest or too simple to answer anything but the straightforward truth. He replied that he did so; that he had been called to by Jim Sanders as he was passing along the raised off part at the top of the rick-yard near the stables, who asked him to go to the house and send out Bridget.

"Did he say what he wanted with her?" continued Miss Diana.

"Not to me," replied Hatch. "It ain't nothing new for that there boy to come up and ask for Bridget, ma'am." he continued. "He's always coming up for her, Jim is. They're cousins."

A well-meant, good-natured speech, no doubt, on Hatch's part, but Bridget would have liked to box his ears for it there and then. Miss Diana, liberal minded, sufficiently large-hearted, saw no reason to object to Mr. Jim's visits, provided they were paid at proper times and seasons, when the girl was not at her work.

"Was anybody with Jim Sanders?" she asked.

"Not as I saw, ma'am. As I was coming back after telling Bridget, I see Jim awaiting there, all by himself. He—" "How could you see him? Was it not too dark?" interrupted Miss Diana.

Not then, Bridget, she kept him waiting ever so long before she came out. Jim must have been a good half hour altogether in the yard; 'twere that, I know, from the time he called to me till the blaze burst out. But Jim might have went away before that," added Hatch, reflectively.

"That's all, Hatch; make you haste back again," said Miss Diana. "Now, Bridget," she resumed, "was Jim Sanders in the yard when the flames burst out, or was he not?"

"Yes, ma'am, he was there."

"Then if any suspicious characters got into the rick-yard and did the mischief, he would no doubt have seen them," thought Miss Diana, to herself. "Do you know who did set it on fire?" she imperatively asked.

Bridget's face, which had regained something of its color, grew white again—white as the apron she wore. Should she dare to tell what she had heard about Rupert? "I did not see it done," she gasped.

"Come, Bridget, this will not do," cried Miss Diana, noting the signs. "There's more behind, I see. Where's Jim Sanders?"

"No, madam, I'd die before I'd do such a thing," sobbed Bridget, in answer to the kindness. "If I was in the rick-yard, I wasn't doing no harm—and I'm sure I'd rather have went a hundred miles the other way if I'd thought what was going to happen. I turned as sick as a dog with fright when I saw the flame burst out."

"Did Jim do it?" she sharply asked.

"No, no," answered Bridget, bursting into fresh tears. "When I got to Jim he had somehow lost the puppy"—glancing down at her apron—"and we had to look about for it. It was only just in the minute he found it that the flames broke forth. Jim, he was ashowing of it to me, ma'am, and he started like anything when I shrieked out."

"Could he not see them as well as you?" cried Miss Diana.

"He had got his back to 'em, and I had got my face," answered Bridget.

"And where is Jim Sanders? What has become of him?"

"I don't know," sobbed Bridget.

"Nonsense! you must know," objected Miss Diana.

"No, ma'am, I don't," she reiterated. "Jim, he seemed like one dazed when he turned and saw the blaze. He stood a minute looking at it, and I could see his face turn all of a fright; the blaze made it light enough to see anything; and then he flung the puppy into my arms and scrambled off over the paling, never speaking a word."

Miss Diana paused. There was something suspicious in Jim's making off in the clandestine manner described; but on the other hand she had known Jim from his infancy—known him to be of a harmless, inoffensive nature.

"An honest lad would have remained to see what assistance he could render towards putting it out, not have run off in that cowardly way," spoke Miss Diana. "Bridget, girl, I don't like the look of this."

Bridget made no reply, save by her tears. She was beginning to wish the ground would open and swallow her up for a convenient half hour; she wished Jim Sanders had been actually buried in it before he had brought this trouble upon her. Miss Diana, Madam, and the young ladies were surrounding her; the maid-servants began to edge away from her suspiciously; even Miss Hatch had crossed her sofa and her hysterics to stare at Bridget.

Miss Diana came leaping past them. Cries, who had been leisurely making his

way to the Hold—very near it, in fact when the flames broke suddenly out, and after a short interval, when the smoke had cleared, he was now running to the outside.

"You are the stoutest Serveman, Chin," Mr. Chattaway had said to Miss. "Get the engines here from Bremerton." And Cries was hastening to mount a horse, and ride away on the errand.

Mrs. Chattaway caught his arm as he passed.

"Oh, Cries, this is dreadful! What can have been the cause of it?"

"What?" returned Cries, in a savage tone—not, however, meant for his master, but induced by the subject. "Don't you know what caused it? He ought to swing for it, you have horsewhipped him for it!"

Mrs. Chattaway was surprised. She connected his words with what she had just been listening to.

"Cries—do you mean—It never could have been Jim Sanders!"

"Jim Sanders!" slightly spoke Cries. "What should have put Jim Sanders in your head, mother? No; it was your favored nephew, Rupert Trevlyn!"

Mrs. Chattaway broke out into a cry as the words left his lips. Maude started a step forward, her face full of indignation protestation; and Miss Diana immediately demanded what he meant.

"Don't stop me," said Cries, "Rupert Trevlyn was in the yard with a torch just before it broke out, and he must have fired it."

"It can't be, Cries!" wailed Mrs. Chattaway, her accent one of intense pain, and she laid hold of her son as he was speeding away. "Who says this?"

Cries twisted himself from her.

"I can't stop, mother, I say; I am going for the engines. You had better ask my father; it was he told me. It's true enough; who would do it, except Report?"

The shaft lanced at Rupert struck to the heart of Mrs. Chattaway; it struck unpleasantly on the ear of Miss Diana Trevlyn; it did not sound agreeably to some of the women-servants; Rupert was liked in the household, Cries hated. One of the latter spoke up in her zeal.

"It's well, it is, to try to throw it off the shoulders of that Jim Sanders, on to Mr. Rupert! Jim Sanders—"

"And what have you got to say again Jim Sanders?" interrupted Bridget, aroused by the intendo—fearful, it may be, of a danger that the crime should be fastened on him. "Perhaps if I had spoke my mind, I could have told as it was Mr. Rupert as well as others could; perhaps Jim Sanders could have told it, too. At anyrate, it wasn't—" "What is that, Bridget?"

The quiet but most imperative interruption came from Miss Diana. Bridget fell on her knees; excitement was overpowering her.

"It was Mr. Rupert, ma'am; it was; Jim saw him fire it."

"Diana! Diana! I feel ill," gasped Mrs. Chattaway, in a faint tone. "Let me go to him; I cannot breathe under this suspense."

"Do you know where he is?" she sharply responded to Bridget.

But instead of answering, Bridget's teeth were taken with a fresh fit of chattering. It amazed Miss Diana considerably.

"Did Jim do it?" she sharply asked.

"No, no," answered Bridget, bursting into fresh tears. "When I got to Jim he had somehow lost the puppy"—glancing down at her apron—"and we had to look about for it. It was only just in the minute he found it that the flames broke forth. Jim, he was ashowing of it to me, ma'am, and he started like anything when I shrieked out."

"What do you want here?" he roughly asked, although he saw it was his wife.

"James, tell me," she pleadingly whispered. "I felt sick with the suspense; I could not wait. What did Cries mean by saying it was Rupert?"

"It was Rupert," answered Mr. Chattaway. "There's not a shade of doubt that it was Rupert. He has done it in revenge."

"Revenge for what?" she asked.

"For the horsewhipping I gave him. When I joined you upstairs just now, I came straight from it. I horsewhipped him kindly; here, in this very spot," continued Mr. Chattaway, as if it afforded him satisfaction to repeat his avowal of the fact. "He had a torch with him, and I—like a fool—let it with him, never thinking of consequences, or that he might use it to become a felon. He must have fired the rick in re-

quest. Mrs. Chattaway had been gradually drawing away from the proximity of the blaze, from the line formed to pass buckets of water on to the flames, which crackled and roared on high, from the crowd and confusion that prevailed around the spot. Mr. Chattaway had drawn with her, leaving his place in the line to be filled up by another. She fell against a distant rick, feeling sick unto death.

"Oh, James! Why did you horsewhip him? What had he done?"

"I horsewhipped him for insolence; for bearing me to my face. I bade him tell me who let him in last night when he returned home, and he set me at defiance by refusing to tell. One of my servants must be a traitor and Rupert is screening him."

A great cry escaped her.

"Oh, James! What have you done? It was I who let him in."

"You!" foamed Mr. Chattaway. "It is not true," he added, the next moment.

"You are shouting, and to deceive me—so defend him!"

"It is true," she wailed. "I saw him come to the house from my dressing-room window, and I went down the back stairs and opened the door for him. If he refused to betray me, it was done in good faith, in love towards me, but you should reproach me; and you have horsewhipped him for it!"

"—you have gashed him on to this crime—I, On Report, my darling Report!"

Mr. Chattaway turned impatiently away: he had no time to waste on sentiment when his ricks were burning. His wife caught him by the coat.

"It has been a wretched mistake altogether, James," she whispered. "Say you will forgive him—forgive him for my sake!"

"Forgive him!" repeated Mr. Chattaway, his voice assuming quite a hissing sound in his anger. "Forgive this? Never. I'll prosecute him to the last stiver of the law; I'll try hard to get him condemned to penal servitude for life. Forgive this! You are out of your mind, Madam Chattaway."

Her breath was coming in gasps, her voice rose amidst choking sobs, and she entwined her arms about him earnestly, imploringly, in her agony of distress and terror.

"For my sake, my husband! It would kill me to see it brought home to him. He must have been overcome by a fit of the Trevlyn temper. Oh, James! forgive him for my sake."

"I never will," deliberately replied Mr. Chattaway. "I will prosecute him to the utmost limit of the law; I swear it. In an hour's time from this he will be in custody."

He broke from her, and she staggered back against the rick. But for Maude she might have fallen. Poor Maude, who had stood and listened, her face turning to stone, her heart to despair.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

We may add to the above that it was raw militia which fought the battle of Bunker Hill in the Revolution, and raw militia which, in the war of 1812, won the battle of New Orleans. In both engagements they were opposed to the best disciplined troops in the world—those of England.

Of course the best place for raw troops is behind intrenchments, because in that situation no intricate evolutions are required of them. They have simply to load and fire, and if they are good marksmen, and do not get scared, are equal behind their works to veterans.

When the services of raw troops are immediately required, a great deal of time therefore need not be employed in marching and drilling. After they have been taught the simple movements necessary to avoid confusion, the balance of the time, especially with those companies whose men are not accustomed to the use of fire arms, should be devoted to loading and firing. And, if ammunition be not too scarce, this should be done with ball cartridges, in some place where the effect of the firing could be noticed.

And, as to this matter of loading and firing, we consider that to attempt to teach the militia precision, and to keep time with each other, is to seriously interfere with their accuracy of aim. Of all devices to injure good shooting, the insisting upon every man's fire, or even the fire of any small number of men, being delivered at once, seems to us about the most effectual. Accurate loading, and slow firing, at will, and only when the soldier has an idea that his ball will tell, will do more execution than hasty loading, and a rapid firing at something or nothing.

At Bunker Hill our fathers waited until they could see "the white of the enemy's eye," then took deliberate aim, and a very large proportion of their shots told. At New Orleans, if we remember right

SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT

Women's Pennsylvania Branch,
1307 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

Sick and Wounded Soldiers.

THE GENERAL AND THE PRIVATE.

Last winter the wife of one of our Philadelphia Generals, who was with her husband in camp, paid daily visits to his division hospital. She brought to her husband's attention the needs of his men, and he was prompt to send to Washington for such articles of comfort as could not be obtained nearer. Among those cases which especially interested her was that of a young private in a New Jersey Regiment, about sixteen years of age, who was lying very low with typhoid fever, and who, but for a woman's presence and attention, might never have been restored to health again. The young lad appreciated the cooling drinks and kind nursing, and became devotedly attached to the General's wife. She returned to her home previous to the battle, scarcely expecting ever to hear from her charge again. But after the battle of Chancellorsville, this humane General visited his hospital, look after his wounded men, and was greeted by the bright face of the lad, who lay on his back in his cot, as he said:—

"Oh, General! how glad I am to see you again!"

"Why are you here?" answered the General; "how came that about?"

"I went into the fight, General, and I lost one of my legs; but that is nothing now that you are safe. Why, we thought we had lost you at one time."

Is it any wonder that at such a manifestation of self-forgetfulness and heroism, the General was obliged to turn away his head to conceal his emotion? Brave as a lion, collected under all circumstances, singularly reticent, he was not equal to that emergency—for there was a little tremulousness in his voice as he told the lad that he would provide him one of Palmer's best legs as soon as he was able to wear it. Gen. Birney will not thank us for this notice, for he is not an ostentatious man; but the spirit manifested, creditable alike to the General and the private, should be recorded for others to emulate; and to stimulate the women of the country to work early and late for the comfort of our brave soldiers. Only those who have visited the field hospitals can testify to the destitution that too often exists there.

At this hour the women of Philadelphia have an urgent call made upon them. The comforts and luxuries that they provide may minister to the necessities of their own husbands, sons or brothers. Yesterday demands were made upon the Women's Pennsylvania Branch of the United States Sanitary Commission, No. 1307 Chestnut Street, for medicines, stimulants, nourishing food, &c., &c., to be sent without delay to the border. Special agents have already been dispatched by them.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*, June 1942.

We must not omit to record a pleasing incident of the last week. As a regiment, on its way to Harrisburg, for the defence of the State, passed the rooms of the Women's Pennsylvania Branch, enthusiastic cheers were given by them for the women of the United States Sanitary Commission. This token of appreciation was very pleasant to the ladies who were at the rooms; some of whom had already sent their sons to the border—boys of 16 or 18, who had never known a hardship. Is it any wonder that the mothers who held the fluttering handkerchiefs, turned their faces aside to wipe away the flowing tears?

We copy a portion of a letter written by Mrs. J. E. Colt, of Milwaukee, sent to us by a friend in Michigan. Her appeal to the women of Wisconsin answers equally well for the women of every state. The letter was written after a visit paid by her to every post, regiment and field hospital in and near Murfreesboro.

"The great difficulty now to our surgeons and with our men is home sickness—medicines are then useless. If the men are not all heroes, let the women try to be all heroines! And let me beg every woman to write to the soldiers cheerfully, encouragingly and heroically, or not at all. If they knew the effect of their letters of condolence and complaint they would be more careful. A soldier came to me in Nashville, choking with emotion, his wife very sick and he unable to go to her. I promised to write and have her cared for, and it was only by reiterated promises that the letter should be sent at once that he was soothed and dried his tears. As soon as my letter reached Wisconsin she was perfectly well, and no doubt sorry she had written while feeling ill and lonely. I was surprised that letters from home sometimes pain instead of cure."

"Women of Wisconsin! Our country, bleeding at every pore, needs your soldiers, and needs them to be brave and cheerful, and we look to you to keep them so. It is better than any labor of love you can do. If you must grieve, keep it from your sons and husbands; it is an unwomanly way, and unworthy our country's noble daughters. And let me assure you, that inevitable as are the horrors of war, everything is done by our Government for the wants of her soldiers—and when she, from her ponderous machinery works slowly, the U. S. Sanitary Commission, with its quick messengers of mercy, is always ready; and our own state, with her peculiar tenderness for her men, stands by to sympathize, to help, but I trust never to weaken."

We have been applied to for recipes for condensed milk and concentrated meat; but upon inquiry we find that it is a great waste of time and material to prepare either, excepting in those establishments where professional workmen are employed for the purpose.

The Juvenile Societies will doubtless respond to the request for slippers, and if they can provide stout leather soles to each pair, it will render their contributions much more serviceable. Of edibles now most needed, we would place butter and eggs foremost on the list. A few pounds of fresh butter care-

fully soldered up in a tin can, would be a gift precious as gold to a convalescent soldier, and many a housewife could send her donation in this form, though she might not be able to spare enough to fill a bag or a frieze. Blank cans, whatever its contents, should be marked plainly with black paint, and every bottle sent to the army labelled distinctly, and the label pasted on and thoroughly dried before posting.—*Philadelphia Standard*.

CAMP SHAWFEE, ON STONE RIVER, TENN., April 30th, 1863.

DR. A. L. CASTLEMAN.

Dear Sir: Having had some practical acquaintance with the working of the Western Branch of the Sanitary Commission for nearly twenty months, I deem it my duty, as a surgeon in the army, to express the high appreciation I feel of the efficient benevolence of your organization.

I was, I confess, considerably prejudiced against the operation of the Commission at the start. In the autumn of 1861, the approach of cold weather, coupled with the fact that my supply of bed clothing was entirely insufficient to keep my sick comfortable, led me to look around anxiously for the means to meet the emergency. Government supplies were not available. At this time your Commission, co-operating with the good ladies of our state, stepped in and supplied the want which Government, with the immense demand on its energies and resources, had not been able to meet. Our shivering sick were made comfortable, and I was relieved of a heavy care. This spring when scurvy appeared in our commands, your Commission furnished us the first and most efficient means for combating it, viz: fresh vegetables. Government is doing its best now but red tape tangles the feet of neophytes.

The many home comforts which through you have so promptly reached the sick and wounded in the field, and which could not have been otherwise supplied, have made us feel that patriotic benevolence is a power in the land, and the Sanitary Commission the legitimate mode of expression in the army. You have encountered immense obstacles in your progress, and nobly surmounted them. Much benevolent, self-denying contrition, doubtless has been wasted in the commencement, owing to want of knowledge of what was most needed, and the best way to apply the means. Benevolence, it may have been unfailingly used by unprincipled surgeons. But I think the instances are much more rare than has been imagined.

Our profession has been much slandered in the army. Mean, unprincipled men, do sometimes get into our hospitals as patients. When their appetites are held in restraint by the judicious surgeon, he is often doubtless maliciously charged with using for himself what he prevents them from unwillingly or selfishly consuming. In the providence of God, good and evil seem to go side by side, that mankind may see and learn the beauty of the one and the hideousness of the other. Your Commission, noble and pure as are its objects and labor, seems to be no exception to this general law. History will not tell the advent of your organization as an epoch marking the advance of mankind to a higher civilization, and coming generations will call you blessed.

It is the first systematic organized national effort, by voluntary agencies and contributions, to mitigate the horrors of war, that the world has ever witnessed. A nation with such an interior life cannot be destroyed. The world cannot do it. God, the infinitely Just and Loving, will protect such a people.

Go on then in your good work. The time will come when those who have refused to assist, will be ashamed to have it known that they stood aloof. The self-denying contributors to the relief of the brave defenders of the nation's life will enjoy abundant recompense in the approbation of the good, and the consciousness of having acted in harmony with the noblest impulse of humanity. Respectfully yours, &c.,

M. H. BOWMAN,

Surg. 27th Ill. and Brig. Surg.
3rd Div. 20th Army Corps.

DONATIONS.

EDWARD CALEB COPE, TREASURER OF THE UNITED STATES SANITARY COMMISSION, Northeast corner of MINOR and SIXTH streets, acknowledging the receipt of the following contributions since the last report:—	\$10.00
Louis A. Godey (additional)	50.00
W. A. Blanchard (additional)	100.00
Commercial Bank (additional)	100.00
From "Friend"—left at the depository	100.00
Montrose Soldiers' Aid Society	5.00
Charles D. Meigs, M. D.	50.00
Bank of the Northern Liberties (ad'l)	100.00
Girard Bank (additional)	100.00
Beader, Delany & Adamson (second contribution)	100.00
Mrs. Ann Herzog (additional)	100.00
Mrs. William Toy	1.00
Mrs. William Stoy	3.00
Previously reported	\$71,165.31
Total	\$71,993.31

PHILADELPHIA, June 29, 1863.

The Women's Penn. Branch, United States Sanitary Commission, No. 1307 Chestnut street, acknowledge also the receipt of the following donations in hospital supplies since the last report:—

Towels, Miss E. Biddle.
A outfit from a deceased soldier, named Murray Wharton, through Mrs. F. Dozier.
Needle cases, Women's Contributing Aid, Mrs. Mary E. H. Haven.
Clothing, Mrs. Warner Johnson's Sewing Circle, School Lane.
Needle cases, St. James's Church, through Miss Greene, \$2. Walnut.
Clothing, Aid Society, Church of Epiphany, 1 box, Crown street Hospital, Mrs. S. Cochran.
1 box, Soldiers' Aid, Stroudsburg, Monroe county, A. M. Stokes, Sec'y.
Pillows, Trinity Church, Oxford, Miss A. Buchanan, Sec'y.
1½ barrels, Ladies' Aid, Montrose, Miss E. C. Blackmer.
Handkerchiefs, old muslin, a Friend.
Clothing, etc., Soldiers' Aid, Eleventh Baptist Church.
Stocks, Mrs. J. Rice Barton.
Clothing, Broad and Cherry streets Hospital, Clothing, etc., Mrs. B. H. Moore.
Jellies, etc., Mrs. G. C. Franciscus.
Clothing, 6 barrels potatoes, Aid Society, Wellsville, Tioga county.
1 box, clothing, &c., boys and girls, Wellboro, Tioga county.
1 box, clothing, etc., 2 barrels potatoes, Aid Society, Charleston, Tioga county.
1 barrel eggs, 2 kegs pickles, jellies, Patriot Daughters of Liltz, F. W. Christ.

LONG STAGE ROUTE.—The longest stage-route in the world is the one between Atchison, in Kansas, and Placerville, in California—1,915 miles. The fare is \$200—10 cents a mile. Ben Halliday is sub-contractor from Atchison to S. Lt. Lake City, and Louis McLean from that point to Placerville. The service employs 200 stages, and over 3,000 horses and mules, besides a legion of superintendents, division agents, station keepers and messengers.

The Juvenile Societies will doubtless respond to the request for slippers, and if they can provide stout leather soles to each pair, it will render their contributions much more serviceable. Of edibles now most needed, we would place butter and eggs foremost on the list. A few pounds of fresh butter care-

A HIPPOPOTAMUS CHASE IN DETROIT RIVER.

The hippopotamus, which is on exhibition with a circus travelling west, has enjoyed the luxury of a swim in the Detroit river. From the Detroit Free Press of Tuesday we select the following account of the novel sight:

It seems that in the transit of the circus performing here from Buffalo to this city, it became necessary to send the elephants and the hippopotamus on a propeller, and they were accordingly shipped on board the S. D. Caldwell. On Monday afternoon as the steamer was nearing this port, a scene of great excitement occurred, which nearly resulted in the escape of the huge bolephant or hippopotamus, belonging to G. Quick, Esq., and at present forming one of the attractions of R. F. Bailey's quadruped circus.

The huge beast was shipped from Buffalo on board the steamer, and as it was impossible to get his immense cage on board, that was sent by land while his behemoth, accompanied by Ali, the Egyptian, his keeper and keeper, proceeded by water to Detroit. During the voyage it was noticed that the animal continually looked longingly toward the water, as though he would have given one of his eye teeth for a plunge into the depths of the lake and ramble about its unexplored bottom. No one supposed however that he would yield to his amphibious taste, and so no extra watch was set upon him.

As the steamer neared the city, and when about three miles below the fort, a crash and then a splash were heard from the side of the bow toward the American shore. Everybody rushed to the spot. The place where the hippopotamus had been confined was empty. The beast, no longer able to resist the temptation, had burst his bonds and plunged into the river, resolved on an aquatic excursion.

The owner, who was on board, looked the picture of despair. Forty thousand dollars, to say nothing of a large amount of prospective profits, had suddenly vanished. As for Ali, the Egyptian keeper, he was nearly frantic. In a few moments, however, the monstrous head of the huge beast appeared above the surface of the water. A great shout arose, and Ali was with great difficulty prevented from jumping overboard in pursuit of his companion and beloved pet, while a boat was lowered into which he jumped and rowed towards the beast, who swam about in an ecstasy of delight.

As the Egyptian commenced calling him by familiar names, at the sound of his voice the monster stopped, looked around, and seemed to wait for the boat to near him, but just as it appeared within reaching distance the hippopotamus gave a plunge and once more disappeared, leaving a whirlpool of seething water to mark the spot where he had gone down. Nothing was now seen of him for a long time, and they were about giving him up for lost, when he suddenly made his appearance about one hundred yards off, but nearer the shore than at first. All again rowed towards him, calling him as before, but again the beast dodged him, and dove to the bottom of the river. All now made a large circuit with his boat, in hopes of taking him by surprise, as he came up to breathe, but, as if aware of his intentions, the hippopotamus rose at a long distance off and looked at his master cunningly and with an expression which seemed to say, "No you don't."

For the third time Ali started in pursuit with a result similar to that which had attended his other attempts to recapture his pet. When he went down the third time Ali paused, evidently completely nonplussed, and seemingly overcome by grief and despair. In a second, however, he seized the oars and rowed towards the steamer. "Try to do," he shouted as he came alongside; "git me de tog!" A large black mastiff, which has been trained to sleep in the cage of the hippopotamus, and once more disappeared, leaving a whirlpool of seething water to mark the spot where he had gone down. Nothing was now seen of him for a long time, and they were about giving him up for lost, when he suddenly made his appearance about one hundred yards off, but nearer the shore than at first. All again rowed towards him, calling him as before, but again the beast dodged him, and dove to the bottom of the river. All now made a large circuit with his boat, in hopes of taking him by surprise, as he came up to breathe, but, as if aware of his intentions, the hippopotamus rose at a long distance off and looked at his master cunningly and with an expression which seemed to say, "Who are you, and what do you want?" He answers, with ardent confidence—"The dove I do adore! The stars live in the harmony of love, and why should not we, too, love each other?" Then the proud beauty gives herself away; she takes her flower-wreath from her hair, and throws it down to her lover promising to be his forever.

"In Peru the question is popped in the following romantic manner:—The suitor appears on the appointed evening, with a gayly-dressed troubadour, under the balcony of his beloved. The singer steps before her flower-decked window, and sings her beauties in the name of her lover. He compares her size to that of a palm tree, her lips to two blushing rose-buds, and her womanly form to that of the dove. With assumed harshness the lady asks the lover:—

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AN OLD-FASHIONED WOMAN.

In 1777, when the British General Burgoyne, with his army, was marching from Canada along the western boundary of Vermont, a woman whose husband was in the American army, set out for the grist-mill, accompanied with her horse, which carried the grist on his back. The road which she travelled was lonely, being nearly all the way through thick woods. It was about 3 o'clock in the afternoon when she left home, and as she had been there many times before in the afternoon, she thought she had sufficient time to carry out her plan successfully. She was well aware that if any obstacle should arise to impede her progress, and to detain her till dark, she might meet with trouble. Unfortunately, when she arrived at the mill, a distance of about four miles from home, she found that she would be obliged to walk an hour and a half for her grain. At first she thought she would return without it; but a second thought told her that if she did this, her children would have to go without their supper. Finally she made up her mind to run the risk of being overhauled by wild beasts. Leaving the mill as soon as her grist was ready, she proceeded on her homeward voyage as rapidly as possible, last night should overtake her before she got half way to her destination. Distant howlings in the wilderness told her that she had not passed unobserved. They continued to grow nearer. She used every means to urge her horse along with speed. The drove of wolves at the head of her horse were every few minutes receiving additional reinforcement along the path. Things were coming to a crisis; she saw plainly that in all probability she could not reach her home before she and her horse would be overwhelmed, and fall a sacrifice to the wolves. But just then she thought of a motive which might save her own life by leaving the horse and grist of corn to its own fate. But she found this was her last chance. She accordingly steered her horse under some trees whose branches came so near the ground, that by rising from the horse she could reach them, and at a full gallop the horse turned under them, and she by a dexterous leap, succeeded in catching hold of a branch, and climbed up into the tree, while the horse, with the remainder of it, was off, closely pursued by the wolves. The poor horse, relieved of a part of his load, reached home. The gallant woman remained in the tree until all was quiet; the wolves not seeing her when she came down, and gained her home safe about an hour after the horse.

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THE DANCE FLOOR WAS ASSAULTED

BY TWO GUYS

You into the room, too late for joy,
Too late, too late!
You listened on the road too long,
You killed at the gate:
The condemned dove upon her branch
And without a note:
She condemned prisoners in her tower
Sigh—died behind the gates;
Her heart was starving all this while
You made it well.

Two years ago, five years ago,
One year ago,
Since thou had arrived in time,
Through uncertain love.
The frozen fountain would have leaped,
The buds gone on to blow,
The warm south wind would have awaked
To melt the snow,
And life have been a cordial "Yes,"
Instead of dreary "No."

Is she fair now as the sun?
Once she was fair;
Most queenly for any kingly king;
White gold-dust on her hair.
Now these are poppies in her locks,
White poppies she must wear;
Must wear a veil to shroud her face
And the wane graves there;
Or is the hunger fed at length,
Cast off the care?

We never saw her with a smile
Or with a frown;
Her bed seemed never soft to her,
Though teased down;
She little heeded what she wore,
Kirtle, or wreath, or gown;
We think her white brows often ached
Beneath her crown,
Till silver hairs showed in her locks
That used to be so brown.

We never heard her speak in haste:
Her tones were sweet,
And modulated just so much
As it was need:
Her heart silent through the noise
And consciousness of the street.
There was no hurry in her hands,
No hurry in her feet;
There was no biles drew nigh to her,
That she might run to greet.

You should have wept her yesterday,
Wasting upon her bed:
But wherefore should you weep to-day
That she is dead?
She, who loves weep not to-day,
But crown her royal head.
Let these poppies that we strew,
Your roses are too red:
Let be these poppies, not for you
Cut down and spread.

CHRISTINA G. ROSETTI.

THE CRY IN THE DARK.

It was on Windermere, one sunny evening last autumn but one, that the following adventure was told me by a kindly middle-aged gentleman, whose pleasant acquaintance I had made at the hotel where I was staying. We had come out with the intention of fishing, and were anchored about twenty yards off shore on the farther side of the lake; but finding the perch in no humor to bite while the sun was so high, we sat chatting and smoking, and watching the purple shadows steal slowly up the sides of the great hills that guard the head of the lake, bidding our time patiently till the fish should be hungry enough to be tempted by our bait. I had been taking a walking tour through Lakeland, and my companion had made the ascent of Fairfield on the previous day; so that our conversation, working gradually round from divergent points, at length fell naturally on pedestrianism, and the amount of health and pleasure to be derived from travelling through a country on foot; and it was upon this hint that my companion spoke as follows:

"When I was a young fellow (said he), that is to say, more than thirty summers ago, I was as fond of walking tours as anybody. The first I ever took was through Cornwall, when I was but a lad of seventeen; on which occasion I met with a little adventure which, with your good pleasure, I will relate to you as soon as I have lighted another cigar.

"With a six weeks' holiday in view before returning to the drudgery of my father's office, and with a purse not badly supplied, I set out on my tour, determined to enjoy myself after my own free and independent fashion; and to thoroughly explore the romantic country I had chosen as the scene of my wanderings, which was at that time little better than a *terra incognita* to the ordinary run of tourists, who firmly believed they had seen everything that was worth seeing after staying for a few hours in each of the principal towns, and viewing the intermediate country from the top of a couch, or the windows of a post-chaise. For my part, I devoured all guide-books and road maps; and never knew, when I set out in a morning, what spot would be my resting-place at night. I delighted in cross roads, and country lanes, over sheep tracks among the hills; any footpath or by-way that led from the dusty generic high-road had allurements for me that I could rarely resist. I had been leading this pleasant sort of life for some time, afoot, gaily working my way northward towards the sea, when

one afternoon—a gloomy evening, indeed, as I well remember—I overtook a peddler tending the little, a German Jew fellow, with a box hanging from a strap over his shoulder; and as the road was very lonely, and we both happened to be going the same way, we naturally fell into conversation; for in those days I was always ready to make the acquaintance of anybody. The road we were travelling was little more than a bridle path among the hills which I had taken by chance, neither knowing nor caring whether it might lead me; and it was to such effect that I answered my companion, when he asked me for what place I was bound. He greeted my answer with a smile, and a little shrug of the shoulders, which might either be one of pity at the idea of any rational being finding pleasure or profit in such aimless wanderings, or one of disbelieve at what he perhaps considered a too transparent attempt to impose upon his cruelty. After trudging along in silence for a short time, he remarked that he was bound for a certain town which he named, some dozen miles away; that he had taken the road through the hills, hoping to find it a near cut; that he had never been that way before; and that he had heard there was a roadside inn some mile or two further on, where we could probably obtain accommodation for the night, as it would be dark in less than an hour, and to attempt to find one's way across the moors after dark would be the height of folly. He concluded by asking me whether I did not want a splendid gold watch, or a chain, or a ring, or a brooch, or a set of studs—any or all of which he would let me have at a ridiculously low figure. Finding all his attempts to trade off no avail, he shrugged his shoulders again, pulled up his box a little higher on his back, and, becoming *camarade* on the instant, offered me his box full of choice foreign tobacco, and suggested a friendly pipe as the best alleviation of the toils of the way; a proposition to which I readily agreed, for, young as I was, I had learnt the art of smoking. And so, walking, smoking, and chatting pleasantly together, an hour or more sped quickly away; and I hardly knew how nearly dark it was till my companion pointed to a faint light shining in the distance, and declared that it must proceed from the inn of which we were in quest. I have said nothing hitherto as to the personal appearance of my peddler friend. In person he was thin and wiry, with keen mobile features, sharpened and intensified by the close bargaining of many years. In age he might be fifty, or rather more; and his hair and beard, both of them long and tangled, and once black, were now fast becoming gray. He wore small, gold circlets through his ears. He spoke good English, but with a slight foreign accent; and, finally, I gathered from his brass-lettered box that his name was Max Jacoby.

Toiling slowly upward, we at length reached the summit of the hill, and found ourselves close to the inn of which we were in search. The light we had seen so far away proceeded from a lantern suspended from the roof of a rude shed close to the inn, where a tall, brawny young savage, of most forbidding aspect, was affecting some rude repairs to a rickety tumble-down cart. There was a light, too, in at least one room of the inn, as we saw through a chink in the wooden shutter with which the window was jealously guarded; otherwise the place seemed dark, silent, and tenantless. On inquiring of the young savage whether we could be accommodated for the night, he replied that he did not know, but that we had better knock at the door and ask the master. Not being in the habit of knocking at the doors of country inns, I lifted the latch, intending to walk in without ceremony; but finding the door would not yield to my efforts, I was obliged, after all, to accept the suggestion offered me, and knock. A delay of half a minute or so, and then the door was opened as far as the chain within would allow, and the landlord stood before us and inquired what we wanted. Could he accommodate us for the night? we asked. He rubbed his hand slowly over his chin, mused a moment, and then replied that he thought he could perhaps do so, unfastening the chain at the same time to admit us.

"You do not drink, young gentleman," said the landlord to me, after a while. "I am afraid the whiskey is not to your taste." "The whiskey is very excellent, I have no doubt," I replied; "but I rarely drink spirits of any kind, more especially when I have a long day's walk before me on the morrow." "Then perhaps you will allow me to brew you a cup of *cafe au lait*. I learnt the art when I was a young fellow knocking about Paris, and I flattered myself that I can do tolerably well. And you too, Mr. Peddler, would be none the worse for a drop of coffee. What say you?"

"Just as you like, mein Knabe; just as you like. This drink which I have here is very good, but I suppose I've had enough of it."

The landlord set to work with alacrity, and in a few minutes produced an excellent cup of coffee, such, certainly, as I had never tasted before. Immediately after the coffee was ready, the little clock in the corner struck ten, and on hearing it, both Jacoby and I arose, and asked to be shown to our rooms, for we had the prospect of a long tramp before us next day. The mulatto woman and the young savage had retired some time before; so the landlord in person lighted our candle, and ushered us up the rickety stairs, on the top of which we found ourselves in a gloomy corridor, lighted from the roof, having doors opening out of it on either side. My room was at one end of this passage, and Jacoby's at the other. The landlord having seen each of us into his room, laid us a cheerful good-night; and next moment I heard the creaking of the stairs as he went down into the lower parts of the house. I was about to close my door, when Jacoby called me from his room,

"Goodnight, old fellow! Don't overstay y'self in the morning!" I responded to his greeting, and then closed and locked the door. The bedroom, like every other part of the house I had seen, was poorly and sparsely furnished, and was of an old-fashioned, tumble-down appearance. Across the whole length of the low ceiling ran a thick, heavy beam, from the middle of which stood out conspicuously a small strong hook, which at once connected itself in my mind with the idea of some attempted suicide; the floor in many places was rough and uneven; the window consisted of small diamond panes set in lead, and barred with iron; the door was of old black oak; and there was a descent of two steps into the room.

I had sat down to note these things, and was partly undressed, when I suddenly stumbled forward, and found that I had unconsciously gone to sleep while sitting in the chair. A deadly stupor and lethargy, such as I had never experienced before, seemed suddenly to weigh down both my body and brain. I got up, but could scarcely stand; and when I attempted to walk, I reeled forward towards the bed like a drunken man; and sank with my head on the pillow, weighed down by a heaviness unspeakable; and knew nothing more. The coffee had undoubtedly been drugged.

How long I had slept I cannot tell—whether hours, or minutes only—when I suddenly found myself sitting up in bed, trembling with horror, and with a wild cry of agony ringing shrilly through my brain.

"Murder!" The sharp, intense cry of one in dire extremity. Whose voice it was that gave utterance to it, and from what part of the house it proceeded, I could not tell; I only knew that without any preliminary warning, as it seemed to me, I found myself sitting up in bed, staring with wildly-beating heart, into the intense darkness around me, not remembering for the moment where I was, my brain still ringing with that terrible cry. But I had scarcely time to gather my scattered wits together, when, following quickly on the cry, came the sound of pistol-shot, evidently close at hand; then a heavy fall on the floor; and then all was still.

I had called to mind by this time where I was, and all the occurrences of the evening; and on hearing the shot I leaped out of bed, and made for the door, and after groping about for a moment or two found it. I had locked the door before getting into bed, and now unfastened it; but on attempting to open it, found that I could not do so. It was evidently fastened outside; but the iron bars were too close and strong to afford me the slightest chance of escape that way. The chimney, too, after a glance, was abandoned as hopeless. That unaccountable stillness continued, although it was now broad day. I would break it at any risk, happen what might. I went back to the door and shook it, and hallooed with all my strength, calling Jacoby and the landlord by name; but there came no response save a few dull echoes, and when they died away, silence fell on the place once more.

There was a small semicircular opening near the top of the door, probably intended originally as a means of ventilation to the room, and while casting about for some way of escape, the thought struck me that by getting on a chair and looking through the opening, I might ascertain something that would be of service to me. Next moment I had placed one of the two rickety chairs close to the door, and mounting it with caution, found that my eyes were exactly on a level with the opening. On looking through, my glance traversed, first, the floor of the passage, following the thread of water, and tracing it back by degrees to the door of Jacoby's room, which, as stated before, was opposite mine, at the other end of the passage and which, I now saw, as I followed the stream with my eyes, was standing wide open. Having traced the thread of water till it was lost behind the angle of the entrance to the peddler's room, my glance fell on a small dressing-table standing in the room exactly opposite the door; and from the dressing-table went to an oval looking-glass placed thereon, and then stopped, suddenly transfixed with horror at seeing the reflection of a ghastly face staring intently at me from the glass.

It was the face of Jacoby without doubt, so much I could clearly distinguish; but although the eyes were wide open, and staring with grim fixity of purpose; and although the half-open lips seemed grinning at me in bitter derision; it was none the less the face of a dead man.

That my poor friend had been foully murdered I could no longer doubt; but how did it happen that I had escaped a similar fate? There was the white face, changeless and speechless; but beyond that all was conjecture and vague surmise. I got down gently from my post of observation, feeling very sick at heart, and more overcome just then, I think, with pity for the sad fate of my friend, than with apprehension for what might happen to myself. Still that same deathlike and oppressive silence, so that the buzzing of a fly on the window sounded in the stillness unnaturally loud and intrusive.

More impressed than ever with the necessity for immediate action, I began, as soon as I had in some measure recovered from the effect of seeing the face in the glass, to cast about in my mind again for some means of effecting my escape. Picking up my knife from the floor where it had lain neglected for some hours past, I at once set to work to try to cut away one of the panels of the stout old door; but I broke my knife before I had been at work five minutes, and then gave up the attempt in despair. There was a dreadful fascination about that face in the glass which I found it impossible to resist, and standing on the chair, I again looked through the opening in the door, and turned my eyes slowly towards it, half expecting to find that it had disappeared. But it was still there, as grim, ghastly, and immovable as before. The pallid lips seemed to stir with inaudible words as I looked;

"Goodnight, old fellow! Don't overstay y'self in the morning."

I responded to his greeting, and then closed and locked the door. The bedroom, like every other part of the house I had seen, was poorly and sparsely furnished, and was of an old-fashioned, tumble-down appearance. Across the whole length of the low ceiling ran a thick, heavy beam, from the middle of which stood out conspicuously a small strong hook, which at once connected itself in my mind with the idea of some attempted suicide; the floor in many places was rough and uneven; the window consisted of small diamond panes set in lead, and barred with iron; the door was of old black oak; and there was a descent of two steps into the room.

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from the surrounding darkness, and I knew that the bloodiest dagger was at hand. With a shudder I drew myself farther away from the door, away had the farthest corner of the room, and there crept up against the wall, not, expecting I knew not what.

The terrible stillness which had oppressed me so heavily before, still reigned through the house. Not the faintest murmur of a voice, not the slightest footfall on the floor, anywhere to be heard. Why had I been fastened up in that gloomy room? Did they intend to leave me there to starve? But for what purpose? What was to be gained by such a step? What had become of Jacoby? Was it he who had given utterance to that cry of agony in the dark? I exhausted a thousand conjectures as I crouched in my corner watching the dawn slowly brighten, and still keeping my eye fixed on the door, under which I knew a thin red stream was slowly flowing. I could see it at last, a shining patch on the dark oak step, where it had fallen drop by drop during the long night hours. I could not take my eyes off it, they seemed wedded to it by a terrible fascination. I watched it while the day broadened by imperceptible degrees. I got up after time and went slowly towards it. I must try the door again. Perhaps with daylight to assist me, I might discover some mode of escape. Ah, what a great dark patch still creeping slowly under the door! Slowly I approached it. Nearer and nearer.

Thank Heaven! not blood, but water!

In the revision of feeling caused by this discovery, I sank on my knees by the side of the bed, and burst into a paroxysm of sobs and tears; and became thereby stronger and calmer, and again felt the sweet hopes of life nestled warmly round my heart. On again trying the door, which was strong and heavy, and made of dark oak, I ascertained for a fact that it was fastened outside; the keyhole I found to be covered by a plate on the other side. I carefully examined the window once more, but the iron bars were too close and strong to afford me the slightest chance of escape that way. The chimney, too, after a glance, was abandoned as hopeless. That unaccountable stillness continued, although it was now broad day. I would break it at any risk, happen what might. I went back to the door and shook it, and hallooed with all my strength, calling Jacoby and the landlord by name; but there came no response save a few dull echoes, and when they died away, silence fell on the place once more.

I looked, and looked again, but with the same result; the face had certainly disappeared; the glass reflected nothing but the opposite wall of the room, and part of the furniture of a bed. The blood round my heart grew cold as I looked; and I got off the chair, and went and sat down in the corner of the room farthest from the door, and peered fearfully into the gathering gloom, struggling hard to crush down the dim ghostly fancies, and vague hauntings of terror, which began to trop wildly around me, and claim me for their own. Whither had that white face vanished? I kept on asking myself the question again and again. In the first strangeness of the discovery I had flung aside my broken knife, and I now felt an utter and disinclination to rise from that far corner, search for it on the floor, and resume my labors on the door. How suddenly the evening had darkened! Was that a hand which touched my cheek in the dusk? Whose hand? And hush! was not that a whisper—a rustle close beside me? Would the door creak so loudly unless some one whom I could not see were walking across it?

Above the loud howling of the wind, I heard wild shrieks of demoniac laughter.

There were creatures abroad that night, such as the daylight never looked upon. They called me by name—they shouted to me to join them; and far away, along the dim highway, I heard more of them coming with a quick tramp. They were mounted on their demon steeds, and they would carry me away with them out of that terrible house, and we should gallop all night with the storm.

Be still, ye throbbing pulses! Grant me a moment's respite—give me time for one last prayer, ere sense and reason desert me altogether!

Louder and louder came the tramp of the horses: no demon steeds, those, but veritable animals of flesh and blood. A minute of terrible suspense, and then I heard a loud knocking at the front door, and the confused sound of several voices, all talking at once. The first knock dissipated all these weird cobweb fancies of an over-wrought brain, which had held me powerless but a moment before. I sprang to the window, flung open the casement, and cried aloud for help. I know not what I said, but next moment, as it seemed to me, I saw myself surrounded by half-a-dozen kindly faces, and felt that I was safe.

My rescuers proved to be a party of jovial farmers, returning from a distant field.

ed in one hand, the pistol with which, in the one last moment greeted him on earth, he had wrought such wretched vengeance on his murderer.

When we entered the room, the face of Jacoby was invisible—hidden from us by the loose, dimly curtain, which hung from the head of the bed; and while the wind, when it burst open the bolted-screamed casement, and rushed into the room, had lifted up, and flung suddenly over the dead man's face, as if in reverberation at so sad a spectacle. The bed stood just behind the angle of the entrance into the room; and from the position of the body, the face, when uncovered, was fully reflected in the oval glass, which stood on the dressing-table, nearly opposite the foot of the bed.

A further examination revealed that both the peddler's box and pockets had been rifled of their contents. This, evidently, could not have been the work of the landlord; his career had been cut short too soon for that; whatever his ultimate intentions might have been. The robbery was, therefore, set down as the work of the malatto woman and the young savage, and steps were at once taken to procure their arrest; which desirable consummation was effected some three weeks later at Liverpool, as they were about to embark for Australia. Some of the property of the murdered man was found in their possession. The woman's version of the affair was as follows:

She stated, that she was awakened sometime in the night by a loud cry of "Murder!" quickly followed by a pistol-shot, and a heavy fall. That being too frightened to get out of bed, she lay trembling and listening for more than an hour, after which she summoned sufficient courage to creep stealthily out of the house, and make her way to the loft over the stable, where the young savage slept; that together they had, after a time, ventured, up-stairs, where they found both Jacoby and the landlord dead. This must have occurred while I lay insensible in the room. That, thereupon, they had loaded themselves with the property of the dead man, and absconded together. As there was no evidence to prove any complicity on their part in the murder, their version of the affair was taken as the correct one, and punishment meted out to them accordingly.

I may just say, in conclusion, that it was afterwards discovered by the police that the landlord of the lonely inn was a notorious forger of whom they had long been in search—a man originally of some education and breeding, but whose numerous misdeeds had at length made his ordinary haunts so hot for him, that he found it advisable to withdraw himself for a year or two from public notice, and bury his talents in the distant wilds of Cornwall.

T. S.

THE TEST.

"Farewell awhile, my bonnie darling! One long, close kiss, and I depart: I hear the angry trumpet snarling,

The drum-beat tingles at my heart."

Behind him, softest futes were breathing Across the veil their sweet recall; Before him burst the battle, seething In flame beneath its thunder-pall.

All sights and sounds to stay invited; The meadows tossed their foam of flowers; The lingering Day beheld, delighted, The dances of his amorous Hours.

He paused: again the fond temptation Assailed his heart, so firm before, And tender dreams, of Love's creation, Persuaded from the peaceful shore.

"But no!" he sternly cried; "I follow The trumpet, not the shepherd's reed: Let idlers pipe in pastoral hollow,— Be mine the sword, and mine the deed!

"Farewell to love!" he murmured, sighing: "Perchance I lose what most is dear: But better there, struck down and dying, Than be a man and wanton here!"

He went where battle's voice was loudest; He pressed where danger nearest came; His hand advanced, among the proudest, Their banner through the lines of flame.

And there, when wearied carnage faltered, He, foremost of the fallen, lay, While Night looked down with brow unaltered, And breathed the battle's dust away.

There lying, sore from wounds unended, A vision crossed the starry gleam; The girl he loved beside him bended, And kissed him in his fever-dream.

"Oh, love!" she cried, "you fled, to find me; I left with you the dailed vale; I turned from fates that waited behind me, To hear your trumpets' distant call."

"Your tender vows, your peaceful kisses, They scarce outlined the moment's breath; But now we clasp immortal blisses Of passion proved on brinks of Death!"

No fate henceforward shall estrange her Who has a heart more brave than bold; For Love, forsook this side of danger, Waits for the man who goes beyond!"

A dense growth of thrifty young forest trees is rapidly springing up all over the once treeless prairies of Illinois. This is owing to the fact that the land is now kept from the annual fall burning formerly practiced by the Indians.

ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

By the AUTHOR OF "AURORA FLOWERS," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," &c.

CHAPTER XXVII.

SLOW FIRE.

The new life which began for Eleanor Monckton at Tolldale Priory seemed very strange to her. The prime responsibility of the old mansion weighed heavily upon her spirits. The best part of her existence had been spent in a very free-and-easy and Bohemian manner; and her improved position was at first more strange than pleasant to her. The well-trained servants who waited upon her in respectful silence, acknowledging her as their mistress, and obsequiously eager to give her pleasure, were very different people to the familiar ladies of those lodgings in which she had lived with her father, or the good-natured shoemaker-landlord at the Pilasters.

At Hazlewood she had been only a pendant; and those who served her had given her their service out of love for her brightness and beauty; rendering her little benefits with frank smiles and familiar greetings. But the mistress of Tolldale had a certain dignity to support; and new duties to learn in her new position.

At first those duties seemed very hard to the impulsive girl, who had a sort of instinctive contempt for all ceremonial usages and stereotyped observances. They seemed more especially hard, perhaps, because Gilbert Monckton expected his young wife to assume her new position as a thing of course, and was inclined to be very jealous of any omission that derogated from her dignity.

He was inclined to be jealous of her girlish inconstancy of thought and action, seeing in all this an evidence that she regretted the freedom of her girlhood. He was inclined to be jealous. That one sentence reveals the secret of a great deal of misery which this gentleman made for himself. He was inclined to be jealous of anything and everything, where his young wife was concerned.

It was thus that Gilbert Monckton began his married life. It was thus that, of his own doing, he set a breach between himself and the woman he idolized. And when the breach was made, and the dreary gulf of distrust and misapprehension stretched black and impassable between this weak man and that which he loved dearest in all the world, he could only cast himself down beside the yawning ravine and bemoan his desolation.

"I may come to Tolldale soon, mayn't I, Mr. Monckton?" she asked. "Dear Nelly, I do so long to see her! But to think of her being married to you! I never was so surprised in my life. Why you must be old enough to be her father. It does seem so funny!"

Gilbert Monckton did not feel particularly grateful to his ward for the extreme candor of these remarks, but he invited the young lady to spend the following day with Eleanor.

"I shall be in town to-morrow," he said, "and I dare say Mrs. Monckton will find the Priory dull."

"Mrs. Monckton!" cried Laura; "oh, to be sure—why, that's Nelly, of course! Find the Priory dull? Yes, I should think she would, indeed! Poor Eleanor, in those damp, overgrown gardens, with the high walls all round, and the tops of the trees above the walls. How lonely she'll be."

"Lonely? I shall come home to dinner every day."

"Yes, at seven o'clock; and from breakfast till seven poor Nell must amuse herself in the best way she can. But I'm not going to grumble; I'm only too happy to think she will be near me."

Mr. Monckton stood by the garden-gate—that gate near which he had so often loitered with Eleanor—listening with no very great satisfaction to his ward's frivolous prattle. His young wife would feel unhappy in the dullness of her new life, perhaps. If that were to be so, it would be proof positive that she did not love him. He could never have felt dull or lonely in her society, though Tolldale had been some grim and isolated habitation in the middle of an African desert.

The secret sorrow of Gilbert Monckton's youth had made him suspicious of all womanly truth and purity. He watched his wife, as it had been his habit to watch his ward, doubtfully and fearfully: even when he most admired her, regarding her in some wise as a capricious and irresponsible being, who might at any moment turn upon him and betray him.

He had fought against his love for his ward's beautiful companion. He had tried to shut his mind against all consciousness of her fascinations; but he had endeavored not to believe in her. If she had stayed at Hazlewood, that silent struggle might have gone on in the lawyer's breast for years; but her sudden departure had taken the grave man of forty of his guard; hurried away by an impulse, he had revealed the secret that had been so skillfully repressed, and, for the second time in his life, perilled his happiness upon the hazard of a woman's truth.

"What do I know of her more than I knew of Margaret Ravenshaw?" he thought, sometimes; "can I trust her because she looks full in my face, with eyes that are as clear as the sky above my head? There is generally some landmark by which a man's character can be understood, however practised he may be in hypocrisy; but a woman—Bah! a woman's beauty defies a physiognomist. We trust and believe because we admire. She can't be wicked with such a Grecian nose," he said. "Those exquisitely-moulded lips cannot speak anything but the truth!"

If Gilbert Monckton's young wife had seemed happy in her new home, he would

have adopted the fair cause, and would have named himself in the brightness of her gaiety. But she was not happy; he could clearly see that; and day and night he tormented himself with vain endeavor to find out the cause of her uncertain spirit, her fits of affection, her long pauses of thoughtful silence.

And while Mrs. Monckton's husband was nursing all these tortures, and every day widening the gulf of his own making, his wife, absorbed by her own secret purpose, was almost unconscious of all else in the world. If she saw the lawyer's face thoughtful or gloomy, she concluded that his moodiness arose from business anxieties with which she had no concern. If he sighed, she set down his melancholy to the same professional causes. A tiresome will-case, a troublesome chancery suit—something in those dusty offices had annoyed him; and that professional something had, of course no concern for her.

Eleanor Monckton had taken upon herself an unnatural office; she had assumed an abnormal duty; and her whole life fashioned itself to fit that unwomanly purpose. She abrogated the privileges, and left unperformed the duties of a wife—true to nothing except to that fatal promise made in the first madness of her grief for George Vane's death.

She had been more than a week at Tolldale Priory, and she had not advanced one step upon the road which she had so desperately determined to pursue. She had not yet seen Launcelot Darrell.

Gilbert Monckton had spent the day after his return to Berkshire in riding about the neighborhood, calling upon those few people with whom he kept up any acquaintance, and informing them of his marriage with the young lady who, a few weeks before, had been the companion of his ward. Of course he received friendly congratulations and good wishes from every one to whom he imparted this intelligence; and of course when his back was turned, the same people who had tendered those good wishes set to work to wonder at his folly, and to prognosticate all manner of evil from his absurd and imprudent marriage.

His longest visit was paid to Hazlewood, and here his tidings afforded real and unmixed satisfaction. Launcelot Darrell was at work in his painting-room, and was therefore out of the way of hearing the news. The widow was pleased to think that Eleanor's marriage would secure her son against the immediate danger of taking a penurious wife; and Laura was sincerely rejoiced at the idea of seeing her friend again.

"I may come to Tolldale soon, mayn't I, Mr. Monckton?" she asked. "Dear Nelly, I do so long to see her! But to think of her being married to you! I never was so surprised in my life. Why you must be old enough to be her father. It does seem so funny!"

Gilbert Monckton did not feel particularly grateful to his ward for the extreme candor of these remarks, but he invited the young lady to spend the following day with Eleanor.

"I shall be in town to-morrow," he said, "and I dare say Mrs. Monckton will find the Priory dull."

"Mrs. Monckton!" cried Laura; "oh, to be sure—why, that's Nelly, of course! Find the Priory dull? Yes, I should think she would, indeed! Poor Eleanor, in those damp, overgrown gardens, with the high walls all round, and the tops of the trees above the walls. How lonely she'll be."

"Lonely? I shall come home to dinner every day."

"Yes, at seven o'clock; and from breakfast till seven poor Nell must amuse herself in the best way she can. But I'm not going to grumble; I'm only too happy to think she will be near me."

Mr. Monckton stood by the garden-gate—that gate near which he had so often loitered with Eleanor—listening with no very great satisfaction to his ward's frivolous prattle. His young wife would feel unhappy in the dullness of her new life, perhaps. If that were to be so, it would be proof positive that she did not love him. He could never have felt dull or lonely in her society, though Tolldale had been some grim and isolated habitation in the middle of an African desert.

The secret sorrow of Gilbert Monckton's youth had made him suspicious of all womanly truth and purity. He watched his wife, as it had been his habit to watch his ward, doubtfully and fearfully: even when he most admired her, regarding her in some wise as a capricious and irresponsible being, who might at any moment turn upon him and betray him.

He had fought against his love for his ward's beautiful companion. He had tried to shut his mind against all consciousness of her fascinations; but he had endeavored not to believe in her. If she had stayed at Hazlewood, that silent struggle might have gone on in the lawyer's breast for years; but her sudden departure had taken the grave man of forty of his guard; hurried away by an impulse, he had revealed the secret that had been so skillfully repressed, and, for the second time in his life, perilled his happiness upon the hazard of a woman's truth.

"So you think she will be dull, Laura?" he said, rather despondently.

"Why of course she will," answered the young lady; "but now don't think me inquisitive, please," she added, in a very insinuating tone, "but I do so much want you to tell me something."

"You want me to tell you what?" asked the lawyer, rather sharply.

Laura linked her hand through his arm, and raising herself on tip-toe, so as to bring her rose lips within easier reach of his ear, whispered, archly,

"Does she really love you? Was it really a love-match?"

Gilbert Monckton started as violently as that infatuate whisper had been the enveloped his of a snake.

"What do you mean, child?" he said, turning sharply upon his ward; "of course Eleanor and I married because we loved each other? Why else should we have married?"

"No, to be sure. Girls marry for money sometimes. I heard Mrs. Darrell say that one of the Penwoods, of Windsor, married a horrid, old, rich city man for the sake of his money. But I don't think Eleanor

would do this sort of thing. Only I know as family that she should have been in love with you all the time."

"All that time?"

"Way, all the time she and I were together. How could she help talking of you, I wonder?"

The lawyer bit his lip.

"She never talked of me, then?" he said, with a feeble attempt to make his tone care-

less.

"Oh, yes, she spoke of you sometimes, of course; but not in that way."

"Not in what way? When will you learn to express yourself clearly, Miss Mason? Are you going to be a child all your life?"

Gilbert Monckton's ward looked up at him with a half comic look of terror. He was not accustomed to speak so sharply to her.

"Don't be angry, please," she said, "I know I don't always express myself clearly. I dare say it's because I used to get other girls to do my themes—they call exercises in composition themes, you know—when I was at school. I mean that Eleanor didn't talk of you as if she was in love with you—not as I talk—not as I should talk of any one if I were in love with them," added the young lady, blushing very much as she recited herself.

Miss Mason had only one idea of the outer evidences of the master-passion. A secret or unrequited affection which did not make itself known by copious quotations of Percy Shelley and Letitia Landon, was in her mind a very common-place affair.

Mr. Monckton shrugged his shoulders.

"Who set you up as a judge of how a woman should speak of a man she loves?" he said, sharply. "My wife has too much modesty to advertise her affection for any man. By-the-by, Miss Mason, would you like to come and live at Tolldale?"

Laura looked at her guardian with unmitigated surprise.

"Come and live at Tolldale!" she said; "I thought you didn't like me; I thought you despised me because I'm so frivolous and childish."

"Despisè you, Laura," cried Gilbert Monckton, "not like you! My poor, dear child, what a brute I must have been if I ever gave you such an impression as that. I am very fond of you, my dear," he added, gravely, laying his hand upon the girl's head as he spoke, and looking down at her with sorrowful tenderness. "I am very much attached to you, my poor, dear child. If I ever seem vexed with your girlish frivolity, it is only because I am anxious about your future. I am very, very anxious about your future."

"But why are you so anxious?"

"Because your mother was childlike and light-hearted like you, Laura, and her life was not a happy one."

"My poor mother. Ah, how I wish you would tell me about her."

Laura Mason looked very serious as she said this. Her hands were folded round the lawyer's arm, her bright blue eyes seemed to grow of a more sombre color as she looked earnestly upward to his grave face.

"Not now, my dear; some day, some day, perhaps, we'll talk about all that. But now, you haven't answered my question, Laura. Would you like to live at Tolldale?"

The young lady blushed crimson and dropped her eyelids.

"I should dearly like to live with Eleanor," she said, "But—"

"But what?"

"I don't think it would be quite right to leave Mrs. Darrell, would it? The money you pay her is of great use to her, you know; I have heard her say she could scarcely get on without it, especially now that Launcelot—now that Mr. Darrell has come home."

The blushes deepened as Laura Mason said this.

The lawyer watched those deepening blushes with considerable uneasiness. "She is in love with this dark-eyed young man," he thought.

"You are very scrupulous about Mrs. Darrell and her convenience, Laura," he said, "I should have fancied you would have been delighted to live with your old friend and companion. You'll come tomorrow to spend the day with Eleanor, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes; if you please."

"I'll send the carriage for you, after it has taken me to Slough. Good-bye."

Mr. Monckton rode slowly homewards. His interview with Laura had not been altogether agreeable to him. The girl's surprise at his marriage with Eleanor had irritated and disturbed him. It seemed like a protest against the twenty years that divided his age from that of his young wife. There was something abnormal and exceptionable in the marriage, it seemed, then; and the people who had congratulated him and wished

could have had the heart to refuse to marry the Queen?"

"Mrs. Monckton did not attempt to argue with a young lady who expressed such opinions as those." Laura's romantic indifference only made Eleanor more impatient for the marriage of that hour in which she should be able to disown Launcelot Darrell as a churl and a traitor.

"We shall be disinterested, and through me," she thought. "He shall be cast off by the woman who has loved him, and through me. And when he suffers most, I will be as pitiless to his sufferings, as he was pitiless to the old man whom he cheated and abandoned to despair."

A fortnight passed after Eleanor's arrival at the Priory before she had any opportunity of seeing Launcelot Darrell. She had proposed going to Hazlewood several times, but upon each occasion Mr. Monckton had contrived to interpose some objection to her visit. She began to despair of entering upon the silent struggle with her father's destroyer. It seemed as if she had come to Tolmide for no purpose. In her impatience she dreaded that Maurice de Cressigny would die, leaving his fortune to his nephew. She knew that the old man's life hung by a slender thread, which at any moment might be severed.

But at last the opportunity she had so anxiously awaited arrived unexpectedly, not brought about by any scheming or foresight upon her part. Laura had been a few days at the Priory, and the two girls were walking in one of the sheltered pathways of the old-fashioned garden, waiting for Gilbert Monckton's arrival, and the clangor of the great dinner-bell.

The October sunshine was bright and pleasant, the autumn flowers salivated the dark luxuriance of the garden with their gay splendor. The tall hollyhocks waved in the breeze.

The two girls had walked up and down the smooth gravel path for some time in silence. Eleanor was absorbed in her own thoughts, and even Laura could not talk for over without encouragement.

But presently this latter young lady stopped with a blush and a start, clasping her hand tightly about her companion's wrist. At the other end of the sheltered walk, among the flickering patches of sunshine that trembled on the lily-trees, she had perceived Launcelot Darrell advancing towards them.

Eleanor looked up.

"What is the matter, Laura?" she asked.

In the next moment she recognized Mr. Darrell. The chance had come at last.

The young man advanced to meet Mrs. Monckton and her companion. He was pale, and had a certain gravity in his face expressive of some hidden sorrow. He had been in love with Eleanor Vane, after his own fashion, and was very much disposed to resent her desertion of him. His mother had told him the reason of that desertion very frankly, after Eleanor's marriage.

"I come to offer you my congratulations, Mrs. Monckton," he said, in a tone which was intended to wound the young wife to the quick, but which, like everything else about this young man, had a certain spuriousness, a tone of melodrama that robbed it of all force. "I should have accompanied my mother when she called on you the other day—but—"

He paused abruptly, looking at Laura with an air of ill-concealed vexation.

"Can I speak to you alone, Mrs. Monckton?" he asked; "I have something particular to say to you."

"No, not before Laura, or before any one. I must speak to you alone."

Mrs. Monckton looked at the object of her admiration with a piteous expression in her childish face.

"How cruel he is to me," she thought; "I do believe he is in love with Eleanor.—How wicked of him to be in love with my guardian's wife."

Mr. Monckton did not attempt to refuse the privilege which the young man demanded of her.

"I am quite willing to hear anything you may have to say to me," she said.

"Oh, very well!" cried Laura. "I'm sure I'll go away if you want to talk about secrets that I mustn't hear. Only I don't see how you can have any secrets. You haven't known Mr. Darrell a day longer than I have, Eleanor, and I can't imagine what he can have to say to you."

After this protest Miss Mason turned her back upon her companion, and ran away towards the house. She shed a few silent tears behind the shelter of a great clump of thymianthus.

"He doesn't care for me a bit," she muttered, as she dried her eyes; "Mrs. Darrell is a wicked old story-teller. I feel just as poor Giuliano must have felt when the Corvo was so rude to her, after she'd committed a murder for his sake."

Eleanor and Launcelot left the sheltered pathway, and walked slowly across the broad lawn towards an old sun-dial, quaint in shape, and covered with the moss that had slowly crept over the gray stones-work. Here the young man stopped, lounging against the moss-grown pedestal and resting his elbow upon the broken stile.

"I have come here to-day to tell you that you have treated me very ill, Eleanor Monckton," he said.

The young wife drew herself up proudly. "What do you mean?" she asked.

"I mean that you jilted me."

"Jilted you!"

"Yes. You played fast and loose with me. You listened to my declaration of love. You suffered me to believe that you loved me."

"Mr. Darrell!"

"You did more, Eleanor," cried the young man, passionately; "you did love me. This marriage with Gilbert Monckton, a man twenty years your senior, is a marriage prompted by base and mercenary motives. You loved me, Eleanor; your silence admitted it that day, if your words did not. You had no right to be cajoled by my mother; you had no right to leave Hazlewood without a word of explanation to me. You are falsehood and mercenary, Mrs. Monckton; and you have married this man here because he is the owner of a fine house, and can give you money to spend upon your womanly caprices—your selfish vanities."

He pointed scornfully to her silk dress as he spoke, and to the golden trinkets that glittered at her waist.

She looked at him with a strange expression in her face.

"Think of me as you please," she said; "think that I was in love with you, if you like."

It was as if she had said to him, "fall into a trap of your own setting, if you please. I am not base enough to lay such a snare for you."

"Yes, Eleanor, you were false and mercenary. You were foolish, perhaps, as well; for I may be a rich man before very long. I may be master of the Woodlands property."

"I don't think you ever will inherit that fortune," Eleanor said, slowly. "You talk of my being base and mercenary; you are at liberty to think so if you please. But have you never done base things for the sake of money, Launcelot Darrell?"

The young man's face darkened.

"Nobody is immaculate, I dare say," he answered. "I have been very poor, and have been obliged to do what the rest of the world does when its purse is empty."

As Eleanor watched his moody face she suddenly remembered that this was not the way her cards must be played. The task which she had set herself to perform was not to be accomplished by candor and openness. This man had betrayed her father, and she must betray him.

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"No, not before Laura, or before any one. I must speak to you alone."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TULIPS AND ROSES.

My Rose, from the latticed grove,
Brought me a sweet bouquet of posies,
And asked, as round my neck she clung,
If tulips I preferred to roses?

"I cannot tell, sweet wife," I sighed,

"But kiss me ere I see the posies."

She did. "Oh, I prefer," I cried,

"Two lips to a dozen roses."

EW A ludicrous circumstance is told arising from the Scotch corruption of the word "to dambrod." Two ladies of that country went to a London shop where tablecloths were sold, the patterns of which, as is known, sometimes resemble the squares of a chess-board. After being shown several patterns, they asked the shopman, "Have you any of a dambrod kind?" He was a little taken aback at what he thought a strange question, especially by a lady; but recovering his composure, replied: "No, ma'am, we have many of them very broad, but none of them that breadth."

EW The editors of the *Scientific American* have received from California a piece of wood from a tree 30 feet in diameter, the annual rings upon which indicate the age of the tree to be 6,000 years! This leaves the saplings of our ancient friends, Nebuchadnezzar and Socrates, standing out in the cold, and carries our mind back to the period when Eve ate the stolen fruit.

EW A woman is either worth a great deal or she is worth nothing. If good for nothing, she is not worth getting jealous for; if she is a true woman, she will give no cause for jealousy. A man is a brute to be jealous of a good woman, a fool to be jealous of a worthless one, but he is a greater fool to cut his throat for either of them.

AN ADVERTISEMENT FOR A GOVERNESS.

FROM AN ENGLISH PUBLISHER.

men as Miss Emily Fiddell and others who are devoting themselves to the solving of this problem, by opening other outlets for female industry, over and above those too over-stocked ones—the work of the governess and the seamstress. Printing, watch-making, law-copying, these are well, and relieve the ranks of the seamstresses; but what shall be devised for the multitude who think that they can teach? Many an imperfectly educated girl, after wasting some of her best years, finds herself suddenly dependent upon her own exertions. To be a governess is the first thought of all such. The consequence is, that the books of agents are full, and they drive a thriving trade; and any advertisement for a governess is answered by scores. I say this advisedly. I lately had occasion to advertise for a nursery governess. I bid the news-agent send me the answers by post. In a few days he wrote, saying that the letters were so many that he must send them by rail. The first packet came—100 letters. Here they are in a drawer by my side. In a few days after, another packet. In all, 186 letters. What histories some of them could tell! In what anxiety were many of them written! Letters in all different hands; and from what different places! North, south, east, and west; England, Scotland, Wales; each sent their contributions; letters from ladies, and from those who evidently were not ladies; letters well-expressed and ill-expressed; some properly spelt, but far too many ill-spelt. How is it that persons desiring to educate others do not take pains with themselves in this respect? Nothing so soon stamps a person as imperfectly educated as bad spelling. It only requires a little care for a little time, and the difficulty would be overcome. Of the letters which reached me, nearly half were badly spelt. Those were, of course, put aside immediately. Let those who may be seeking similar situations remember that. One young person professed to teach French "grammatically." It was, I think, pardonable in me to doubt it, when she did not know her own language orthographically.

But though some of the letters raised a smile, it was a sad budget, and one which few men could contemplate or read over without a sigh. It brought before one vividly the dependence of a large class of persons, who glut in the education market, and the few outlets that there were for female enterprise, since so much of it was poured into this channel. Sad letters some of them were. A sad letter that from a young widow, whose two children had been taken by the relatives of her husband. What a breaking up of home! What a severing of ties! What a vanishing of the bright dreams of youth! The husband taken away by death, the children taken away by poverty. She would have called my children by the names of her own; she would have been welcome. I should have found her sobbing over little flaxen locks of hair, daintily tied with blue silk. I should have feared to caress my children before her, lest I should call up the sense of want in her heart.

I protest that when I married, my wife's maid lifted up her hands in horror at the small price of the wedding-cake. Her sister, who married a porter, had a cake which cost more. We had one bridesmaid; quite enough to hold the gloves, carry the bouquet, offer smelling salts, or perform any other act of kindness which might be necessary. But my wife did not faint, and never intended to do so. Then we had the plainest possible wedding breakfast; but ten pounds were sent to the clergyman for the poor of the parish.

"But what," cries some reader, "did the Joneses say?"

Anxious reader, we did not care what the worthy people in question might say.

Of course, other causes come in. Some meet with many who would be husbands, but never with one who realizes the dream of their youth and from that they cannot come down; and over the affections of others a blight has fallen, from which they never wholly recover.

But from whatever causes it may arise, the fact exists, that a considerable number of women remain unmarried, and of those who do remain, the larger proportion must be dependent upon their friends, or on their own exertions.

How many a brave-hearted woman has said, and is saying to herself, "Would that I were a man!" And through what sharp trials have many such passed, that they might support an aged mother, or compass the education of a brother, or provide delicacies for a sick sister, or, finally, keep themselves on this side starvation! Much honor to them. I knew two such—highly bred women, of an old and honored family. In their county they were looked up to and respected. The extravagance of a father and brother had brought them to poverty. The death of the father revealed their position. They determined to go to London, and earn a livelihood, taking their mother with them. This resolution was opposed by all their family. Such a thing had never been known among them. Their relations would support them on the old estate. But they refused to eat the bread of dependence, and determined to work for themselves. Each obtained a situation, and each had to encounter difficulties and submit to humiliations which a few years before would have seemed intolerable; but they bore up well, and, in time, worked their way into smoother water. Much honor to them. But many are not so fortunate as my friends were. They were really well-educated and accomplished. They had, too, a north country vigor of mind and determination which ensured their success.

Others seemed sadly afraid of claiming any personality for themselves. They managed, by a curious device, to get through their letter without the use of the personal pronoun. Now, the too frequent use of that conscious part of speech is certainly objectionable; but for a person to apply for a situation without using it once, is still more so. One turns away at once from a letter which begins—"Having seen your advertisement in the Times, beg to offer myself to your notice. Am 28 years of age. Should require £— as salary. Can have excellent testimonials." "My dear friend," I would say, "do not be ashamed of your individuality. You are a person, and cannot help being such. Do not try to prove yourself a nonentity. In any case have regard to English grammar. Active as the verb is, yet it limbs sadly if deprived of its nominative case, which, as you write for yourself,

and in the first person, must be plain espouse 'I'."

I hope that some of those who are seeking to be the educators of others, will take a hint from the remarks I have made, and from what I am now going to say.

Others who advertise will scan the answer much as I have done. They will not choose as the teacher of their children a person who writes a slovenly letter, or who speaks badly, or who does not seem a mistress of her own language. They will avoid those who use peculiar or ungrammatical expressions, or who speak too confidently about themselves. They will not, either, pay much attention to copied testimonials. Let those who answer advertisements for situations write their letters carefully, shortly, and well. Let them avoid pink and yellow, and green paper. Let them only profess to teach those things which they have mastered. Don't let them talk of "thorough English," (what is that?) while they blunder in grammar and spelling. A knowledge of English is a much rarer accomplishment than some persons imagine.

Above all, let those who seek to be teachers of others carefully educate themselves. The office of teacher is a noble one; quiet and humble, indeed, and not much thought of, but having great results, such results as shall amply repay the painstaking and conscientious teacher.

Again, I say, educate yourself thoroughly. Be mistress of what you profess to teach—Especially, master your own language. A good education does not so much consist in the amount learned, as in the manner in which it is learned.

When you have chosen your work, give yourself to it. Don't look upon it as something which must be done because more congenial work does not offer. Don't do it slightly or superficially, but do it with your whole heart. Try to take an interest in the children committed to your care. Try to shape them and train them to the best of your power; and soon, however unconsciously the work may have been at first, it will assume a new appearance. You will find yourself taking a strange interest in it, of which you could not have believed yourself capable. You will find that, like other good work honestly and heartily done, it has the power of making you happy, more or less; of causing you to forget sorrows and trials which otherwise might press too heavily upon you. You will gain the love of the children (no small matter), and the regard and esteem of their parents; and, for the future, instead of having to answer advertisements for a situation, when the children of one family are educated, your services will be eagerly sought by friends of the family, who have seen your worth, and who have waited to secure a similar training for their own children.

I must say a last word. Be real, be good, be honorable, be upright. While you try to educate your head, educate your heart also. What you are is of even more importance to the children than what you teach. For their sakes, therefore—for the sake of the stability of your work—above all, for your own sake—be excellent. The world will soon know it and value it. Care not for seeming. Care to be what you ought to be. And if the world never find it out, the Great Master will see, and know, and reward it.

AN OUTBREAK AND ITS CAUSE.

On Thursday evening last the quiet of S— street was broken about midnight by the cries of "Police! Police!" One of these faithful guardians immediately reported in the rear of the block, and from the third story window a lady's head projected, and from her the alarm had proceeded. The policeman inquired into the trouble, and was informed that she could see on the shed fronting on the next street, a man who was apparently asleep. Other neighbors who had been attracted by the noise also said they could see him coiled up on the shed, and some thought he had fallen from the window in a fit.

The policeman, thinking that it might be some shrewd burglar who was feigning intoxication, scaled the fence, reached the shed, and there found a man rolled up in a travelling shawl sleeping soundly. After a shake or two the man came to his senses, and in answer to the policeman's inquiries as to who he was and what he was doing there, replied:

"Why, this is my house and this is my shed, and as I have just returned from the war, where I've roughed it on the hard ground for eighteen months, I found it impossible to sleep in a bed, and so I just took a shake down here. So, sergeant, don't trouble yourself, but just get outside my lines."

What shall we do when this war is over, if our boys intend to conduct themselves in this way?—*Boston Gazette.*

THE LIFE OF A GRAND DUKE THREATENED—A very important communication is made in a private letter received at Berlin from Warsaw. It has already been announced that the insurgent chief, Hilarich Abicht, and the Capuchin monk, Konarski, had been hanged by order of the Russian Government. Immediately after the execution, it is said the Grand Duke Constantine received a warning from the National Government that it could no longer be responsible for his safety. The warning is alarming, and must not be despised, for the threats of the invisible Government have more than once been executed by their devoted agents.

TERMS: CASH IN ADVANCE.
To any one sending thirty subscriptions and \$60, we will give one of Wheeler & Wilson's celebrated Sewing Machines, such as they sell for \$45. The machine will be selected new at the manufacturer in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, with the exception of freight.
WHO WANTS A SEWING MACHINE?
During the coming year THE POST will endeavor to maintain its high reputation for CHOICE STORIES, SKETCHES and POETRY. Special Departments shall also be devoted to heretofore to AGRICULTURE, WIT AND HUMOR, RECEIPTS, NEWS, MARKETS, &c.
TERMS: CASH IN ADVANCE.
1 copy, one year, \$12
4 copies, one year,

THE MONITOR TORPEDO.

It has been claimed by the rebels that they have set off mines in the river torpedoes attached to their dead vessels. To blow up any vessel with which she may come in contact. This is a mistake. The Monitors were the first to have these torpedoes attached, though our naval officers seemed afraid to use them. The New York Herald says:

The monitor torpedo consists of a monster shell, thirty feet long, weighing upwards of 6,000 pounds, with a charge of 700 pounds of powder. By means of a ram—the "devil"—these shells are pushed some fifty feet ahead of the monitor, suspended at any desirable depth.

We shall know in good time how the rebels succeed in obstructing the passage of the monitors when armed with these terrible shells, the explosion of which will resemble an earthquake under water. It appears that the naval officers were afraid of employing the potent means placed at their disposal for clearing Charleston harbor of obstructions, for fear the explosion of the shells would act backwards on their vessels. As might be supposed, the contractor has guarded against such an occurrence.

The Secretary of the Navy, with a view of removing all doubts on this point, ordered a trial to be made last winter with one of the rams, the very "devil" afterwards towed to Port Royal.

The trial proved eminently satisfactory; for, although the explosion of the shell pushed up a mountain of water fifty feet high above the surface of the Hudson, near the head of the raft, not the slightest injury was sustained by the latter.

The perfect preservation of slender pieces of wood attached under the raft proved beyond a doubt that the effect of the explosion was as had been designed, in the forward direction only. This singular feature of the monitor torpedo we are not at liberty to describe. What we have stated on the subject can do no harm, as it is known at Richmond as well as at Washington. So, also, is the fact that a couple of shiploads of these under-water pioneers are now at hand where their good services are most needed. We therefore acquit Mr. Welles on the charge of want of enterprise as regards the torpedoes. But is it not time to order Admiral Dahlgren to put steam on the monitors and push the torpedoes past Sumter up against those rebel obstructions?

A PHOTOGRAPHIC LOTHARIO.

A young German had paid his addresses for some time to a charming brunetted lady on Vine Street, St. Louis, no longer in the years of foolishness, but with very attractive, and learned in the lore of love, which former admirer, before their desertion, had imparted to her. He vowed eternal faithfulness, and she was happy—dreaming always of the bliss which the approaching nuptials would shower upon her! But on an evil day a stray copy of a newspaper happened to fall into her hands, in which there appeared several advertisements of "young men with a view to matrimony, &c." Of a natural disposition for fun, she replied to one of them under a false name, enclosing the photograph of a young lady friend of hers, and asking for that of the matrimonial candidate in return. On the second day it arrived; it was the photograph of her betrayer! A scene: fainting, sobbing, tears! The inconstant lover received his dismissal, and the brunetted young lady was taken, a few never again to fall in love—until another lover presents himself. So says the St. Louis *Republican*.

SWEARING THEM.

A Murfreesboro' correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial* writes:

"I have just returned from a pleasant visit to the outposts, a part of General Jeff. C. Davis's division occupying the front upon the Saalville Pike. Colonel Heg has a regiment of Norwegians or Scandinavians. They are mostly from, and are known as the Fifteenth Wisconsin. They are a splendid body of well-disciplined men, and all speak our language fluently. I heard an amusing anecdote of one of their captains, who, a short time since, took a lot of rebel prisoners. As the Norwegian captain had them drawn up in line, he said to them, in broken English, and in accents very like the German:

"Say you feliers—you putternuts—I want you all to swear a little. It do you good to swear mit de Constitution. I swear him tree year ago—now you swear him. Now, recollect, you swear him good—so d—n nonsense. You swear him and keep him down, and not pake him up again."

JEALOUSY.—The Lewiston Journal tells of a laughable incident which recently happened in an auction room in that city:

Mrs. B.—had her anger aroused by what appeared to her to be the suspicious familiarity of her husband toward Miss C.—whose reputation was somewhat dubious. Looking into the auction room one day while a sale was present; and, consequently quite a crowd was present; who should Mrs. B.—discover but the dubious Miss C.—seated on a settle with her face turned in the opposite direction, and seated at her side a gentleman whom she supposed ought to be her liege lord and husband. The sight was more than she could bear, and rushing up behind the twain before they discovered the danger, she took the head of one in her right hand and the head of the other in her left hand, and brought them in violent contact a half a dozen times, to the astonishment of the crowd as well as of the unsuspecting twain. As soon as the gentleman supposed to be Mr. B.—could clear himself from the wrath of Mrs. B.—, he rose and turned round. What was Mrs. B.—'s surprise to find that the gentleman's head which she had been rapping against Miss C.—'s cranium, was not that of Mr. B.—, but that of Mr. A.—, a much respected citizen, who had seated himself on the settle without being aware of his proximity to danger. Mrs. B.—apologized—thought it was her husband—and passed on.

"I wish," said the slight and elegant Mrs. Flizzib to her friend Mrs. Tigg, whose embroidery was strikingly handsome, "I wish I had some of your fat and you had some of my lean." "I'll tell you what is the origin of that wish," replied the fair wit, "you think too much of me, and too little of yourself."

A GOOD CAMP STORY.

A correspondent of a Philadelphia paper addressed to the Army of the Potowmack writes the following:—"To show you how ranks will spread in the army, I will illustrate by an incident. The lady friends of our dear corporal sent him a box containing the many good things in it, and her box was a life-size doll, dressed in full Zouave uniform, which was at a soldier's fair in your city. The corporal, after getting the box, was taken sick; the boys started the rumor that the corporal was a woman, and gave birth to a boy. The rumor spread like wildfire; hundreds flocked to our quarters to see the wonderful phenomenon—a new-born babe—but we guarded the test with jealous care, only allowing persons to catch a passing glimpse of the supposed mother and babe. We could find a number of men to swear they had seen both. But the cream of the joke was to come off; the corporal received a new day's furlough; all thought it was the mother going home with her babe; some had it that she was a rich heiress escaping from a tyrant father; but hundreds believed in the mother corporal and young recruit of Company I of the Zouaves d'Afrique."

ESCAPE.—Last Sunday, little Ike, three years and a half old, went to church for the first time. His mother gave him a penny to put into the contribution box, which he did, and sat quiet for a few moments, and then wanted to know how soon the man was coming with the candy.

EGG.—It is remarkable that, although the ancient monuments of the Egyptians contain many painted figures of cats very similar to the Syrian specimens now in the Zoological Garden, London, the cat is nowhere mentioned in the canonical book of the Bible as a domestic animal.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—Holders have put up their prices for Flour \$25@26c per bushel since the close of last week, and 13,000 bushels have been disposed of at \$26.10@26c for superfine; \$26.70@26.75 for extra, the latter Lancaster county; \$26.25@26.75 for low grade and choice Ohio extra flour, and rather lower, holders ask \$26.75@26.75 for fancy do. Rye Flour is quiet but steady at \$26.75 for Pennsylvania, and \$26.25@26.75 @26.75 for Maryland.

GRAIN.—The receipts of Wheat continue high. Sales reach only some 25,000 bushels, chiefly in small lots of choice amber No. 1, \$26.25@26.75, and white at \$26.50 to \$27.70, the latter prime Kentucky. Rye is scarce, and Pennsylvania sells on arrival at \$26.00@26.00. Corn comes in slowly, about 40,000 bushels at \$26.00@26.75 for prime Southern and Pennsylvania yellow, about 10,000 in the ears, chiefly at the latter rate, and \$16 for Western mixed, about 200,000 bushels found buyers at \$26.00@26.75 weight.

PROVISIONS.—The market for barrelled Meats is dull, and there is a small business only to note in Old Meats Fork at \$26.00@26.75; New do at \$26.25@26.75, and Meats Beef at \$26.25@26.75, the latter for City Packed. Beef Hams are scarce, and here above the views of buyers—bacon meets with a good demand, with prices of tallow hams \$26.25@26.75. Nothing doing in Sides. Green Meats are also firm, with sales of \$26.25@26.75, and Shoulders at \$26.25@26.75, now generally held higher. Pickled Meats are scarce and worth \$26.00@26.75. Lard is active; 500 bushels and tierces sold at \$26.00@26.75, and 200 kegs at \$26.25@26.75. Butter is dull, the packers are not buying, and prices range at \$26.25@26.75, the latter for extra New York. Eggs are selling at \$26.25@26.75.

COTTON.—The market has been excited and on the advance, a few small sales are reported at \$26.25@26.75, cash, the latter for middlings, closing day \$26.75@26.75. **FEATHERS.**—Nothing doing in Sides. Green Meats are also firm, with sales of \$26.25@26.75, and Shoulders at \$26.25@26.75, the latter prime Kentucky. Rye is scarce, and Pennsylvania sells on arrival at \$26.00@26.00. Corn comes in slowly, about 40,000 bushels at \$26.00@26.75 for prime Southern and Pennsylvania yellow, about 10,000 in the ears, chiefly at the latter rate, and \$16 for Western mixed, about 200,000 bushels found buyers at \$26.00@26.75 weight.

ASPHALTUM.—The market is dull, and the sales small.

BARK.—The demand for Quercitron is limited, with further small sales at \$26.25 for 1st No. of Tanners' Bark prices are steady at \$26.25@26.75 for Chestnut, and \$17.25@18.75 for Spanish Oak.

BEESWAX.—There is very little offering or selling, and we quote at \$26.25@26.75 for good yellow.

COAL.—Most of the collieries being closed, and business pretty much at a stand-still, the dealers are taking no new orders. Prices of all kinds are unsettled and on the advance.

COFFEE.—The market has been quiet and the sales confined to a few small lots, mostly Rio, at \$26.25@26.75, cash and 4 months.

COPPER.—There is little or nothing doing, and prices are nominally unchanged.

FEATHERS.—The market is still, and the sales small.

GARLIC.—The demand for Quercitron is limited, with further small sales at \$26.25 for 1st No. of Tanners' Bark prices are steady at \$26.25@26.75 for Chestnut, and \$17.25@18.75 for Spanish Oak.

HEMP.—There is very little stock here out of the hands of the manufacturers, and we hear of no change in the market.

HOPS.—Mrs. B.—had her anger aroused by what appeared to her to be the suspicious familiarity of her husband toward Miss C.—whose reputation was somewhat dubious. Looking into the auction room one day while a sale was present; and, consequently quite a crowd was present; who should Mrs. B.—discover but the dubious Miss C.—seated on a settle with her face turned in the opposite direction, and seated at her side a gentleman whom she supposed ought to be her liege lord and husband. The sight was more than she could bear, and rushing up behind the twain before they discovered the danger, she took the head of one in her right hand and the head of the other in her left hand, and brought them in violent contact a half a dozen times, to the astonishment of the crowd as well as of the unsuspecting twain. As soon as the gentleman supposed to be Mr. B.—could clear himself from the wrath of Mrs. B.—, he rose and turned round. What was Mrs. B.—'s surprise to find that the gentleman's head which she had been rapping against Miss C.—'s cranium, was not that of Mr. B.—, but that of Mr. A.—, a much respected citizen, who had seated himself on the settle without being aware of his proximity to danger. Mrs. B.—apologized—thought it was her husband—and passed on.

LEAD.—We hear of no movement in Pig iron to alter quotations.

LUMBER.—The demand has been limited, but the market is firm at \$26.25@26.75 for White pine Boards; \$26.25@26.75 for Yellow Sap do; \$26.25@26.75 for Hemlock do, and \$26.25@26.75 for Scantling, and \$26.25@26.75 for White Pine Shingles.

MOLASSES.—There are no arriving more freely, and small sales of Cuba only are reported at about previous rates.

PLASTER.—There is little or none offering or selling, and sort is dull at \$26.25@26.75 per ton.

SOAP.—There is quiet, and the sales of East India soap at \$26.25@26.75.

SEEDS.—There is little or no Cloverseed offering or selling, and we quote it nominally at \$26.25@26.75 per bus, the latter for prime.

TIMOTHY.—In firm, and the word \$26.25@26.75 per bus. Flaxseed is also firm, and the word \$26.25@26.75 per bus.

SUGAR.—The market is firm, but very dull; sales of a few small lots, mostly Cuba at \$26.25@26.75, cash and 4 mos. Refined Sugars are \$26.25@26.75.

FALLOW.—The market is quiet and the demand limited at \$26.25@26.75 per cwt. for city, and 10@11% per cwt. for country rendered.

TOBACCO.—There is no change in the market.

WOOL.—There is very little movement in the market; a few small sales of fleeces only are reported at 70@75c.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef cattle during the past week amounted to about 1720 head. The prices realized were from \$5 to 12% cts per lb. 200 Cows brought from \$20 to 35 per head. 400 Sheep were sold at from \$5 to 5% cts per lb. 200 Hogs at from \$7.00 to 8.50 per cwt net.

MARRIAGE CERTIFICATES.—A marriage certificate now requires a \$25 cent stamp, which stamp must be canceled by the certifying clergyman by writing thereon his initials and the date of the marriage. Of course the fact of not having a stamp on the marriage certificate does not invalidate the marriage, for the certificate is not a part of the wedding ceremony, and is only given when the parties desire it. Marriage certificates, however, are a proof in law of marriage, but none could be admitted as evidence before a court, if given since the stamp law went into effect, unless accompanied by the stamp, canceled as above. Parties getting married should always procure certificates of the minister, for it might happen that they will be needed at some future time.

CONVICTED AGAINST THEMSELF.—The London Spectator notices as "a curious fact, that out of the eight essays read at Oxford for the Chancellor's prize for the best Latin essay on the present American struggle, the subject proposed by Lord Derby—all of them of more than average excellence—were on the Northern side. Moreover, several of the writers had begun their labors as true southerners, but had been converted by the pure force of the considerations which a thorough study of the subject brought before them."

STRAINING IS HURTFUL.—**STRAINING IS HURTFUL.**—**STRAINING IS HURTFUL.**

Cramps, spasms, wrenching pains attending an evacuation from the bowels, from a dose of medicine, is proof that the medicine thus taken is injurious. It is not the quantity of doses expelled that insures a cure. Pills and purgative medicines made of aloes and other drastic cathartics are injurious, insomuch as purgation from these obnoxious drags is induced only from the irritation they produce on the mucous membrane. They have no infusoria on the liver or chyle, but are carried to the lower bowels, and by their irritation evoke an evacuation. These pills act on the liver and other secretions; hence in their operation no straining or wrenching pains follow; the stools, instead of being thin and watery, are natural; it is the absence of the diseased humor which these imperfect pills fail to eliminate from the blood, that causes this watery discharge; and hence when the patient has an evacuation he has to strain without affecting the desired result. A dose of Radway's Pills will insure a thorough evacuation; this accomplished, no further physic is required.

"Sold by Druggists."

MARRIAGES.

ESCAPE.—Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 14th ultimo, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kenner, Mr. THOMAS J. CARMAN, of New Castle, Pa., to Miss KATE N. SOLLY, of Holmesburg, Pa.

On the 15th ultimo, by the Rev. J. Chambers, WILLIAM WILLIAMS, to Miss LYDIA A. MONTGOMERY, both of this city.

On the 16th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Jones, WILLIAM WILLIAMS, to Miss LYDIA A. MONTGOMERY, both of this city.

On the 17th ultimo, by the Rev. W. D. Wilson, V. D., Mr. ROBERT DUNN, to Miss PHINEAS SMITH, both of Del. county, Pa.

On the 18th ultimo, by the Rev. William E. DURROW, Mr. CHARLES KESTRIN, to Miss MARY E. KESTRIN, both of this city.

DEATHS.

NOTICES.—Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 19th ultimo, WILLIAM PIERSON, in his 43d year.

On the 20th ultimo, ALFRED H. BARNES, in his 40th year.

On the 20th ultimo, JOHN PATTERSON, aged 64 years.

On the 20th ultimo, GEORGE CATHRAL, in his 71st year.

On the 20th ultimo, Mrs. ANNA T. wife of THOMAS H. ATKINSON, in her 50th year.

On the 20th ultimo, ANNIE WILSON, in her 26th year.

On the 20th ultimo, MR. GEORGE HARRAN, in his 70th year.

On the 20th ultimo, MARGARET BLAIN, relic of the late Chas. Blain, in her 87th year.

On the 20th ultimo, MR. OLIVER BROWNELL, in his 61st year.

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On the 20th

Wit and Humor.

SOCIAL CATECHISM.

Question. What is the dirtiest creature you know?

Answer. The American fag lady.

Q. What are your reasons for saying this?

A. Her habits.

Q. Explain yourself more fully.

A. When she walks she drags behind her a receptacle for dust and dirt of every kind.

Q. What is this called?

A. A long dress or train.

Q. What is its action?

A. It sweeps the ground, collects mud, dust, cigar-ends, straws, leaves and every other impurity.

Q. What happens next?

A. This accumulation rolls off to a certain extent upon other portions of her dress, or upon the legs of any person who may walk beside her, and when she gets into her carriage the objectionable matter spoils the lining; besides that, the dust is most offensive.

Q. Why does she wear such a ridiculous dress?

A. For one of two reasons. Either because she aims at a servile imitation of certain great folks, or because she owes money to her mistress and dares not order any kind of dress except that which this tyrant sends home to her.

Q. Why does she not raise or loop up her dress to keep it from the ground?

A. Because, being a lazy person, she has thick ankles, or being a scraggy person, she has skinny ones, which her vanity forbids her to exhibit.

Q. Is there any other reason?

A. Yes; she has probably ugly feet, disfigured by corns or bunions caused by wearing tight boots.

Q. Is there any cure for such habits?

A. There is none until her husband has been nearly ruined by her extravagance, when she is compelled, by economical reasons, to dress like a rational being, and at once becomes clean and charming as the American female was intended to be.

Q. What sensation is caused to man by the sight of these dresses?

A. Contumacious pity for the woman, and pity, without contempt, for her unfortunate husband.

Q. Does she know this?

A. Yes, but as she dresses less to please men than to vex women, the knowledge has no effect upon her dirty habits.

Q. Where can the animal be seen?

A. In Chestnut street, in all the streets on Sunday afternoons, in Fairmount Park, and in most places where fine clothes can be successfully exhibited.

Q. What lesson should you deduce from this?

A. That of thankfulness to Providence that, if married at all, you are married to a sensible woman and not to a fine lady.

Q. What will you take to drink?

A. Anything you like to put a name to.

VERY SLOW.

Pickering is a very nervous little man, who fusses and fidgets about in a remarkably quick manner, and who holds in detestation anything that can possibly come under the head of a slow coach, and indulges in rather queer expressions when anything moves too slow for his views. He is blessed with a "maid of all work," who has caused him to utter more profane words during the past three months than three years in purgatory can stow for. One evening last week he dispatched the girl upon an errand to the neighboring store, and according to his ideas, she remained an unaccountably long time. He pulled out his watch, and looked a half-dozen times within ten minutes, whistled, drummed upon the table with his fingers, beat time with his feet upon the floor, and finally started up, and began pacing the room, as if his nervous agitation and impatience could in any degree accredit the movements of the absent Agnes. But the girl came back at length, and her impatient master broke forth with—

"For goodness sake, Maggie, where have you been?"

"To the store, sir," was Maggie's reply.

"Well," said her master, "it is about one hundred yards to the store, and you have been fifteen minutes in going and returning!"

"Yes, sir," broke in the girl.

"Now, Maggie," continued he, "take my advice, and when you die, remain quietly in your grave, and never make an attempt to get to heaven!"

"And why not, sir?" queried the bewilarded girl.

"Because," said Pickering, "the sun is ninety-six millions of miles from the earth, and heaven is beyond that, and if you ever make an attempt to get there, at the rate you move, eternity will come to an end before you reach your destination!"

"But you have only yourself to please," said a weary friend to an old bachelor. "True," replied he, "but you cannot tell what a difficult task I find it."

"A hop on the 'light fantastic toe' may be pleasant, but not when you hop on the fantastic toe of your neighbor."



DUST HO! THE LONG DRESS NUISANCE.

How to RAISE SOLDIERS.—Mr. Artemus Ward, the American showman, has organized a company upon an entirely new plan, which he explains in the following:—"I am captain of the Baldwinsville Company. I am gradually but majestically from drummer's secretary to my present position. I determined to have my company composed exclusively of officers, everybody to rank as brigadier-general. As all commanding officers there ain't no jealousy; and as we are all exceedingly smart, it aint worth while to try to outstrip each other. The idea of a company composed exclusively of commanders-in-chief orriganated I sposse, I skurried need say, in this brane. Considered as an idee, I flatter myself it's pretty hefty. We've got the tackticks at our tongue's end, but what we particularly excel in is restin' muskets. We can rest muskets with anybody. Our corps will do its duty. We'll be chopt into sammidge meat before we'll exhibit our coat-tails to the Joe. We'll fight till there's nothin' left to us but our little toes, and even they shall defiantly wriggle."

NOT BAD.—The citizens of a small city in Pennsylvania, being thrown into considerable excitement by reason of the report that the rebels under Lee were advancing upon them, held a meeting for the purpose of organizing themselves into a regiment. During the organization of the regiment, the question of arms, ammunition, &c., was being discussed, when an old gentleman, very much excited, and towering a head and shoulders above the crowd, exclaimed, in a stentorian voice:—"Are there not any cannons to defend the city?" Voice from the crowd—"Yes, but they are not mounted." Old Gent—"Why ain't they mounted?" Voice from the crowd—"Because we have no carriages." Old Gent—(still louder and more excited)—"Then, where the d—l are the buggies?"

EVERYTHING EXPLAINED.

The following satire on "The Vestiges of Creation," occurs somewhere in Disraeli's "Tancred."

After making herself very agreeable, Lady Constance took up a book which was at hand, and said, "Do you know this?" And Tancred, opening a volume which he had never seen, and then turning to its title-page, found it was "The Revelations of Chaos," a startling work just published, and of which a rumor had reached him.

"No," he replied; "I have not seen it."

"I will lend it you if you like; it is one of those books one must read. It explains everything, and is written in a very agreeable style."

"To judge from the title, the subject is rather obscure," said Tancred.

"No longer so," said Lady Constance. "It is treated scientifically; everything is explained by geology and astronomy, and in that way. It shows you exactly how a star is formed; nothing can be so pretty! A cluster of vapor—the cream of the milky way—a sort of celestial cheese—churned into light—you must read it, 'tis charming."

"Nobody ever saw a star formed," said Tancred.

"Perhaps not. You must read the 'Revelations'; it is all explained. But what is most interesting, is the way in which man has been 'developed.' You know, all is 'development.' The principle is perpetually going on. First, there was nothing, then there was something; then—I forgot the next—I think there were shells, then fishes; then we came—let me see—did we come next? Never mind that; we came at last. And the next change there will be something very superior to us—something with wings. Ah! that's it; we were fishes, and

I believe we shall be crows. But you must read it."

"I do not believe I ever was a fish," said Tancred.

"Oh! but it is all proved; you must not argue on my rapid sketch; read the book. It is impossible to contradict anything in it. You understand it is all science; it is not like those books in which one says one thing and another the contrary, and both may be wrong. Everything is proved—by geology, you know. You see exactly how everything is made; how many worlds there have been; how long they lasted; what went before, what comes next. We are a link in the chain, as inferior animals were that preceded us; we in turn shall be inferior; all that will remain of us will be some relics in a new red sandstone. This is development."

THE TRUE SOLDIER'S EXAMPLE.

"I send you," wrote Nelson, "my plan of attack, but it is to place you perfectly at ease respecting my intentions, and to give full scope to your judgment for carrying them into effect. We can, my dear Coll, have only no little jealousies. We have only one great object in view: that of annihilating our enemies and getting a glorious peace for our country." These words of a British Admiral, almost sixty years ago, might have been said, ought to be felt, by every Federal General. But hear the rest. Collingwood, before the battle of Trafalgar, had come on board the "Victory" to hold a final conference.

"Coll," said Nelson, "where is your captain?"

"The fact is," answered Collingwood, "we are not on good terms with each other."

"Terms!" exclaimed Nelson; "not on good terms with each other! I'll soon arrange that."

Accordingly a boat was despatched to the "Royal Sovereign," and the captain was brought on board the "Victory." As soon as he reached the deck, Nelson led him to Collingwood.

"Look," said Nelson, "yonder is the enemy!"

"Yes," they both replied.

"Well," he added, "shake hands like Englishmen."

Need we say those two men had no enemies that day but France and Spain? This is a lesson needed by Americans at this hour.

EFFECTS OF FRUIT ON DISEASE.

A writer on growing fruit in Kansas, and its healthfulness as a proportion of our food, says:

"Never shall I forget the impression made upon my mind at a very early period of my life, by the directions given my mother by the family physician as she sat weeping over the cradle in which I had lain for a number of days in a hopeless condition. Now, said he, don't you give that boy one drop of cold water, and you had better keep these strawberries out of his sight. In a few hours my brothers and sisters returned from the meadow with a pail overflowing with the delicious fruit, and supposing me too far gone to observe anything in the room, the berries were left near my cradle. I soon opened my eyes upon the tempting delicacy, and in a few unobserved moments filled my parched mouth several times with the cooling beverage, for they were really like water on my dry and parched tongue. In a few hours I broke out in a fine perspiration. My tongue, which had been rattling on my teeth, became moist, and when the doctor came he said my fever had turned—the calomel had produced its desired effect, and I should probably get well."

A well-hole is left in the centre, into which burning brands are thrown and the hole filled with small, dry wood, which is allowed to kindle and is then covered over, the combustion and ignition of the pile being kept up by means of vent-holes on the sides. The spot selected for the pile should be upon a hill-side, and all the loose earth removed, so as to have a hard, smooth bottom, with a descent of one foot in ten, or greater, with a channel on the lower side to convey the tar into a trough, leading it direct to the barrels. Practice alone can regulate the proper degree of heat at the right time to produce the greatest result, and at the best the result is not such as would satisfy a Yankee farmer of any enterprise, at any but a time like the present when the natural course of trade is interrupted, and the price of tar much higher than usual."

Another mode of making tar, to be practiced on every farm where are pine trees, is the following:— Procure some good fat pine and cut it in small pieces; fill a large kettle that will contain at least fifteen gallons, with the pine you have prepared; then turn your kettle bottom upwards on a large stone; place sods around it, leaving a small opening on the lower side for the tar to run out; place a dish under the stone to catch it. All things made ready, build a good fire upon the top of the kettle to try out the pitch, and if your wood is good you will have from four to six quarts of good tar.

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MEDICINE TO HORSES.—"I consider the usual method of giving medicine to horses by drenching, as it is called, highly objectionable. In this process the horse's head is raised and held up, a bottle introduced into his mouth, his tongue pulled out, and the liquid poured down. In his struggle some of the medicine is quite likely to be drawn into his wind-pipe and lungs, and inflammation and fatal results sometimes follow. A better way is to mix the medicine with meal, or rye bran; make it into balls, pull out the horse's tongue and place a ball as far back in his mouth as possible, then release his tongue; he will almost certainly swallow the ball. Or, the dose may be mixed with meal and honey, or any other substance that will form a kind of jelly, placed upon a small wooden blade made of a shingle, and thrust into the back part of his mouth, when he will very easily swallow it."—*Patent Office Agricultural Report.*

SALT NOT A PRESERVATIVE OF POSTAGE.—A correspondent of the *Rural New-Yorker* gives his experience as follows:—

"Thirty-eight years ago I selected thirty chestnut posts of equal size. Half of the number I bored with an inch auger just at the top of the ground, slopingly, eight inches deep, filled them with salt, and plugged them up. The first post set was salted, next not salted, and so until all were set. The result was the posts all failed alike, proving to me salting was lost labor."

The Riddler.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 18 letters.

My 14, 5, 8, 9, 17, 6, is an unfortunate character in the Mind.

My 16, 10, 13, 9, is an East Indian coin.

My 15, 8, 6, 12, 11, 10, 5, is the foundation of all rocks.

My 11, 14, 2, 7, 11, 8, 12, is the motto of one of the princes of Europe.

My 5, 8, 1, 9, 5, is the hero of the 12th century.

My 6, 16, 15, is a permanently elastic uniform.

My whole is the pride of every school.

Elizabeth, N. J.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is snow, but not in rain.

My 2nd is in money, but not in gain.

My 3rd is in sorrow, but not in pain.

My 4th is in rice, but not in fall.

My 5th is in round, but not in ball.

My 6th is in sound, but not in call.

My 7th is in haste, but not in slow.

My 8th is in come, but not in go.

My 9th is in great, but not in low.

My 10th is in bat, but not in boot.

My 11th is in hand, but not in foot.

My 12th is in leaves, but not in root.

My whole, the name of a brave man,

Gives it, readers, ye who can.

Marshallton, Conn.

L. G. LIND.

CHARADE.

Four letters form me quite complete.

As all who breathe do show;

Reversed, you'll find I am the seat

Of infamy and woe.